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[ONE PENNY.]

THE GRAND REVIEW AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE great Easter Review has been a magnificent success, the greatest success that has yet been accomplished. Everybody worked hard that there should not only be no breakdown, but that there should, at the last, be no chance of even a little misunderstanding. And the result has justified and rewarded all the efforts that have been directed to its achievement. Brighton always has been a success, Dover last year was a greater success, but it has been reserved to Portsmouth to see the grandest, greatest, and most complete Volunteer review that has taken place. The weather conspired with everybody concerned to remove any doubts as to the result. From the first dawn of the morning in London all went well. All the great neighbourhood, including Portsmouth, Gosport, Southsea, the Hilsea lines—all the wide and brilliant expanses of sea, spreading out to Spithhead in one direction and up to Porchester Castle in another—had been animated for days by thoughts of the grand Volunteer Review. The two towns had been gay with anticipation and brilliant with preparation, and certainly this year a spectacle has been witnessed which it is impossible not to recognise as one of the most extraordinary that a confessedly non-military nation has ever witnessed. Here, in the most important garrison harbour of the kingdom, we have seen within a few hours more than thirty thousand men collected, who—giving their services to the State without pay or reward of any kind—have been massed and marched, in conjunction with the regular troops, through such a day of fatigue as can scarcely be surpassed by the exigencies of an actual campaign. The sight was sure to be so splendid, and the attraction so universal, that no wonder that Portsmouth and Gosport put on their most holiday attire. Some dozen field pieces on the Hilsea lines did duty for the siege guns that will, perhaps, be got into position in the days of our grandchildren, and these replied with vigour, though not perhaps in very good time, to the guns on the heights and on the roads above Cosham, in which the enemy was evidently effecting a lodgment, from which he could annoy the garrison. To prevent this the commander of the garrison determined on a sortie, which ultimately developed into something on a grander scale. Simultaneously from behind the lines of Hilsea there poured four columns of the besieged. One went out by the ordinary gateway on the London-road; another, by the new military gate and road, which will ultimately supersede the present public highway; a third, still farther to the left, over the pontoon bridge just made by the A troop Engineer Train; and the last—though, if there was a difference, in point of time the first—by a floating bridge made by the 1st Hants Engineers out of beer barrels and planks. The four columns



LORD RANELAGH.

proceeded to meet the enemy by different paths, and, protected by their guns on the earthworks and by their skirmishers in front, got a good way forward unchecked. The right column had just crossed the railway at Cosham when they found they had caught a Tartar, for the upper part of the village was already in the hands of the attack, who evidently meant to have a fight for the possession of it. So, for the first time, the Volunteers had a taste of the glories of street fighting. It was a curious sight. Women and children looked out of windows and doors, delighted at the scene; men mingled in the streets with the troops, sections of which were chasing each other from point to point, now gaining a yard, and losing as much on the other side of the thorough-

harbour and arsenal, a smooth and broad space of turf was staked in for the marching by of, we compute, including volunteers and regulars (because no authentic statistics were supplied) from 12,000 to 13,000 men. With regard to the multitude which witnessed this movement it is difficult to form an estimate, but the general opinion was that the soldiers and riflemen might be calculated, in comparison with those who observed them, in the proportion of two to one. There may have been a line along the whole course of five or six deep, and upon the glacis there was a considerable crowd, but there was decidedly not the amount of public feeling evinced which had been looked for on Southsea Common. If ever there had been any doubt of the true spirit and capacity

fare; again making good their way for fifty yards, as the men of the attack, finding the corner of a lane or the passage to some stable was getting too hot, made a bolt of it to the next place of cover. The excitement was nearly the cause of a serious accident, for a rear-rank man, being ready, fired before his front-rank man had knelt, and shot away the tuft on his comrade's shako. The whole thing was a brilliant novelty, and it is little wonder that many of those who looked on regretted that the men of the attack were soon dislodged from the village and driven up the hill to their main body. As soon as their outpost had been dislodged the enemy began to feel that they were in a rather weak position on their left, and one rather liable to surprise, owing to the number of cuttings for the country lanes through the sides of the hill. They, therefore, voluntarily removed their left a little higher up the hill, and so laid the foundation of their defeat. It was of course a choice of evils. In the one case they might have been surprised; in the other they could be but outflanked. The garrison made a demonstration on their left towards Wymering Church, but this was only a feint, for as soon as the enemy began to mass their forces in opposition to this movement, the right column of the sortie party making their way above Cosham attempted to turn the left. This was not done without a long struggle. To render the attempt successful it was necessary to bring a battery of artillery into a fallow field just in the rear of Cosham schools, and the guns being exceedingly well served and excellently supported, caused the enemy to move yet higher up the hill, so alter the form of his line of battle, and thus actually give way in the very strongest position which he held. In fact, as soon as the struggle for the possession of Cosham was decided in favour of the garrison, the battle was virtually won. From the point at which, as all Portsmouth inhabitants are glad to remember, Lord Nelson embarked for the campaign of Trafalgar, up to the great sweeping line which opens upon the vital defence of our great Royal

of our Volunteer force, it would have been dispelled in a moment by the sight of those steady battalions tramping on with the regularity of the Roman legions, bearing their arms with complete ease and comfort, observing a perfect precision of distance, and carrying themselves with really such a mingling of gallant confidence and of gentlemanly diffidence that inspired universal admiration. Naturally, the Hampshire battalions were received with the most tumultuous cheers; but even the spirit of the place did not prevent Earl Grosvenor and his almost unequalled regiment from being welcomed with a shout which would mean fame in the sense of any man returning from battle. And when the London Scottish passed by, headed by Lord Elcho, there burst upon them such a peal of applause as had not been heard all the day. But, curiously enough, no cry was so loud as that which broke from the populace, when the question was asked, and was not satisfactorily answered, "Where are the Devil's Own? Where are the Inns of Court?" In the march nothing could be more admirable than the equipment, the pace, and the evenness of movement displayed by the artillery corps. At this point of the programme, as every one well observed, the oldest and first volunteer association of England, the Hon. Artillery Company, was not represented, except by a few batteries of guns, which men experienced in field and fortification practice declared to us were in such thorough order that they might be trusted against any enemy on any plain in Europe. It will be remarked, perhaps, that although, on previous occasions, our riflemen have acted in conjunction with the army, they have never before been submitted to such a test. There were upon the ground those men whose marching is deemed the most absolute perfection of any battalion in the world—we mean the first corps of the Royal Marines. They came forward with an exquisitely even step, and their tread was as though it had been governed by a rule of music; but following them were the London Rifle Brigade, who never broke their front, and at the order to "double" went as clear as though they had been marching in procession. The troops on their arrival in Portsmouth had at least half an hour allowed them for refreshment, and then some of them broke off and remained until the next day, while the others found the trains ready at the appointed time and place, and encountered few delays in their progress to London, which was reached in due course—that is to say earlier than the most sanguine could have hoped. Thus, from first to last, the Easter holiday of the Volunteers has passed off remarkably well. No small share of the credit is due to the mayor and corporation of Portsmouth; but the chief credit lies with the citizen soldiers themselves, among whom there was not, so far as we could learn, one authenticated instance of misbehaviour, and who will be very welcome again in Portsmouth, their visit to which none of them can have good cause to regret. That is well ended which is ended well. The Portsmouth Easter Review could not have been better conducted or concluded. The total numbers of the troops present were about 32,000, exclusive of the regulars.

HOMES FOR POOR LADIES.

There are in the world a vast number of women who are dependent on their personal exertions for the supply of their daily wants. Whilst these women are young or even middle-aged, the effort can be made; life is sustained, and brothers and sisters, or fathers and mothers, are helped and comforted. But, compared with the earnings of men, all the money that women can make is, as a rule, very little; and it is often almost impossible for them to make much provision for their old age, with its wants and sufferings, which will assuredly come to them, unless the very effort to live proves too much for their strength, and they die before the period of old age is reached.

Nothing can be sadder than to read in the reports of the Government's Benevolent Institution the statements of the cases of candidates for annuities, and for vacancies in the asylum. The years of struggle and self-denial, of patient working and badly-paid labour, of help administered to others, of failing health and poverty, are all brought before the reader at a glance.

Sometimes a little money has been saved, which would be enough to furnish food and clothing, if a house were provided, but is utterly insufficient for the entire maintenance of the poor lady whose working days are over. The quiet of a "home of one's own," however humble, is longed for with a great longing, and any means of securing this are looked upon with favour, and with a desire of participating in the benefits proffered.

A correspondent has forwarded to us a letter on this subject, which will be found in another part of the paper, and to which we beg to call the attention of our readers. The proposal made by "H. B." is that, as a help to ladies in need of such assistance, rooms might be provided, in each of which there might be the possibility of a home, with quietness, freedom from observation, and from control.

The idea is not by any means a new one. Already there exist in London the houses in which Miss Shepherd takes an interest, and where homes are provided for those who have a small fixed income, but are in need of help. But more work of the same kind needs to be done; and, because a similar institution to that proposed by "H. B." exists, that is no reason why much more should not be attempted.

After a long and weary life in the service of other people, in going in and out of other people's doors, and treading other people's stairs, the sense of a need of home becomes to women very keen and strong. No comforts or luxuries that can be offered, if shared with strangers, have half the charms of a little place where one may do what one likes, even if in very homely fashion. This could hardly receive a more forcible illustration than is afforded by the present condition of the asylum in connection with the Government's Benevolent Institution.

This portion of a very interesting and important work affords help to the very class of persons of whom we have been speaking, and at the end of a busy life, when they most need it. The plan of a number living under one roof has been tried now for nearly twenty years, and is about to be given up in favour of separate homes. The ladies' committee find that, as things are at present, the expense of maintaining the asylum is out of proportion to the number helped; some of the inmates cannot make themselves happy, as they feel the not unnatural depression of constant companionship with those who have similar infirmities to their own, and they long for the friends from whom they have been separated. So strongly is the desire for a home felt, that, on one occasion of a vacancy in the asylum, no fewer than twenty-seven declined an appointment which would have put them in possession of comforts, which they could not otherwise have. But the poor home was preferred in its poverty to the asylum, where there was less home-feeling, though every care and comfort existed in it. The board of management of the institution is now about to erect new buildings on a different plan, giving each lady a small independent home, and an annual payment.

Experience shows the value set upon such homes; and we should be truly glad to learn that more of them were established, either in connection with already existing schemes, or on plans modified as their promoters might consider desirable. The scheme is good and useful, and productive of much comfort for a very deserving class of workers.—*Queen.*

COURT AND SOCIETY.

ON Saturday his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales received at Sandringham House the Rev. T. White, M.A., head master of the King's Lynn Grammar School, accompanied by W. Moyse, Esq., mayor of Lynn, and Mr. William Hoff, the successful competitor for the gold medal given annually to the pupils of this school by his Royal Highness. This year the medal was given for modern studies, and the presentation was now made by the Prince in a most appropriate and gracious terms.

The elevations to the peerage recommended by the Earl of Derby prior to his retirement from office have at last taken place, and were announced in Tuesday night's *London Gazette*. Sir Brook Bridges, M.P. for East Kent, becomes Baron Fitzwater; Sir John Walsh, M.P. for Radnorshire, is transformed into Baron Ornathwaite; and Sir John Trollope, M.P. for South Lincolnshire, into Baron Eversen. The same journal also announces the elevation of the Rev. Wm. O'Neill to the peerage as Baron Neill.

It is stated that the Prince and Princess of Wales have signified their intention of accepting the invitation of the high sheriff and inhabitants of Carnarvon to visit that locality on their return from Ireland. The Prince and Princess, with their suite, will be entertained at the old castle, Carnarvon, where a loyal address will be presented; after which some festivities will take place. Already great enthusiasm is exhibited in connection with the subject, because it is felt that this temporary sojourn will lead to a second and more permanent visit. The Prince of Wales will be sure to be popular, and he should, without doubt, be heartily welcome in the Principality.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince Teck, and brilliant suites, left London on Tuesday for Dublin. They reached Chester at half-past seven, and dined at the Queen's Hotel. They arrived at Holyhead at half-past ten, and going on board the Royal yacht crossed the Channel during the night. When the Prince and Princess of Wales landed on Wednesday morning, the scene was dazzlingly grand, and the progress through the city was a magnificent ovation. The enthusiasm of the people was unbounded. The weather at Dublin was remarkably genial and brilliant, and the whole city was in *en fete*.

It will be recollected that Dr. Colenso, as Bishop of Natal, instituted a suit in the Colonial Supreme Court against Dr. Gray, as Bishop of Cape Town, to declare a grant of land by the Government to vest in him and his successors of the see of Natal on the ground that Dr. Gray had ceased to be the legal successor of Natal. The land and buildings were at a place called Pietermaritzburg, and the Imperial court gave judgment in favour of Dr. Colenso, and decided with costs that the land and buildings should vest in him as Bishop of Natal. The Bishop of Cape Town has appealed to Her Majesty in Council, and his proctor, Mr. Brooks, has just lodged an appeal, and the case will appear in the list of appeals before the Judicial Committee, and will probably come on in about "twelve months."

EASTER MONDAY being considered the closing day of the season with the Royal Buck-hounds, the meet as usual was at Maidenhead Thicket, where the muster was almost equal to that of a Derby Day. Sporting men from town, and others for many miles round, were conspicuous in scarlet, and carriages containing elegantly-dressed ladies crowded the thicket at the time of the turn out. The famous deer "Volunteer" darted from the cart gaily decked with ribbons about twelve o'clock into a field belonging to Captain Lee, and after twenty minutes' law, Harry King led up the hounds, and went away in the direction of Shottersbrook, along the Bray drainage, and over the hill to Bray Wick on to Maidenhead, where he got headed in an orchard, then making round to the Thames, which he crossed by the Great Western Railway Bridge, passing close by Monkey Island, and on to Lake-end, doubling back and re-crossing the Thames by Mr. Hall's Oakley Court, and ran to the forest. This well-known deer, it will be remembered, gave a slashing run last Easter Monday to Amerham.

The gallant pack of Blackmoor Vale fox hounds had a splendid day on Friday week. The meet was at Haydon Lodge, near Sherborne. The first fox was killed after a fine gallop of an hour and twenty minutes. Another fox was soon found at Crackmoor Wood. He broke cover at once over the beautiful water meadows nearly into the town of Sherborne, then over the Sherborne-road to Osborne, and on to Poyntonington. Finding all the earths well stopped, Reynard made way for Bradley Head, and then on to Milborne Port. There he entered the cottage gardens, but the hounds got a view, and pressed him so close that he ceased a well and then ascended the roof of a blacksmith's shop, with the whole pack after him. He jumped from thence on to the top of the house, a distance of nearly 20 feet, part of the pack still pursuing. A crowd soon collected to witness this novel chase, the excitement was most intense, and the scene which ensued will not soon be forgotten. For about ten minutes Reynard continued his course, jumping from house to house, above the crowd of spectators. At length he bolted down a chimney, and was soon destroyed by the hounds. Three of the dogs were much injured.

The death of Mr. Alderman Copeland took place at half-past eight on Sunday evening, at his seat, Russell Farm, Watford, after a short illness, in his 72nd year. The illness of the deceased alderman commenced on his birthday, the 24th ult. On that occasion he had a few friends dining with him, and whilst at dinner he was seized with a cold shivering, which was succeeded by rheumatic gout, which terminated fatally. Mr. Copeland had represented the ward of Bishopsgate in the Court of Aldermen for nearly forty years. He served the office of Sheriff in 1828, and that of Lord Mayor in 1835. He was, indeed, the senior member of the Court of Aldermen. He first sat in Parliament for Coleraine, and afterwards represented the borough of Stoke-upon-Trent, with which he was long identified by trade in connection with the ceramic art. In early life he took a keen interest in horse-racing, and was one of many gentlemen in those days who strove, as now, by example and by precept, to maintain the dignity of the turf as a manly and an old English pastime. He was greatly respected in the City of London, and will be much missed.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.—This long-celebrated and popular institution, with its almost countless objects of interest—affording amusement combined with instruction to all classes of the people—to the young as well as to the old, to the student, the man of science, and the philosopher—presented to its numerous visitors on Easter Monday in addition a series of entertainments of an entirely novel and unique character. But the presiding genius of the institution was Professor J. H. Pepper, whose lectures in the little theatre possess features of all-absorbing interest. This highly-accomplished gentleman first gave a new and splendidly illustrated lecture on Faraday's Optical Experiments with cogged wheel, the Thaumatrope, the Kaleidope, the Phenakistoscope, Mr. Rose's Photodrome, and the last popular invention called the Zoetrope; or, Wheel of Life. Following these Mr. Pepper gave "Manifestations of a la Home," showing how easy it was to counteract the well-known laws of gravity, and to float human bodies as well as inanimate things in the air without the aid of aught but natural contrivances. He ridiculed in the strongest terms the power claimed by mesmerists, spirit rappers, and electro-biologists, but whilst effecting similar apparently supernatural results in the course of his lectures the learned professor failed to inform his audience of the secret means by which they were produced. The institution was crowded to excess throughout the day.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE Very Rev. the Dean of Salisbury has received a cheque for £500 from the Rev. C. B. Bicknell, rector of Stourton, for the purpose of placing twelve statues in the west front of Salisbury Cathedral, in addition to the forty which have been ordered by the Dean and Chapter. Besides the "Majesty" in the gable of the west front, fourteen statues have already been placed in niches. They are in the style of the 13th century, and in point of execution bear a close resemblance to the figures which still exist in the west front of Wells, the execution of which is pronounced, on good authority, to be one of the finest achievements of sculptural art executed during the middle ages.

An inquest was held at Manchester on the body of John Millington Wright, a boy who was accidentally shot at Lower Broughton, on Good Friday. The boy's father and two men, named Thomas Berry and Thomas Smith, went out to shoot small birds, and the boy accompanied them. Smith aimed at a bird, but the gun missed fire, and the party, not having another cap amongst them, were about to return home, when, as Smith was putting down the trigger for that purpose, the gun went off, and the charge lodged in the chest of the child, who died while being conveyed in a cab to the infirmary. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

THE annual Easter banquet at the Mansion House was given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in the Egyptian Hall on Monday evening to a company which numbered about 230 guests. The banquet hall, was, as usual on these festive occasions, brilliantly illuminated, and the new decorations and gilding to which it has recently been subjected were shown off to the utmost advantage, though the transition from the old and white surface of the walls and columns to colours of the warmest tints, it must be acknowledged, was more pleasing to the eye of taste than to that of sense. The alterations, however, have undoubtedly exercised a favourable influence on the statuary, to which they have imparted a very striking and pleasing effect.

ON Saturday morning a fatal accident happened to a lady at Lymm, near Warrington. About nine o'clock Mrs. Brigham, the widow of the late Dr. Brigham, residing at Rush-green, was in the breakfast-room in company with her son-in-law, M. Henri Perreon, a French consul. M. Perreon was cleaning a revolver, and Mrs. Brigham expressing a desire to see how it was loaded, he handed the revolver to her, at the same time describing the way of loading the weapon. Mrs. Brigham then returned it to M. Perreon, and had no sooner done so than the weapon went off. The ball entered the left temple of the lady and killed her instantly. The unfortunate lady was about starting for London, in company with her son-in-law and daughter, who had just returned from their marriage tour.

ON Saturday evening a fatal accident occurred on the Midland Railway at Nottingham. A number of platelayers were engaged on a siding near the goods station at their usual work, when a train of empty coal waggons was being formed to take to Claycross. Some of the waggons were backed on to the siding where the platelayers were at work, and got close up to them before they were aware of it. A man named Oldham, in trying to step out of the way, was knocked down and run over, his body being shockingly mutilated. He was conveyed to the General Hospital, where he soon afterwards expired. Another platelayer, named Worrell, seeing he could not get out of the way, had the presence of mind to throw himself down between the rails, and the waggons which ran over the deceased passed over him without inflicting any injury.

WE (*Birmingham Post*) regret to have to announce the death of Frederick Steel, M.D., F.R.C.S., late house surgeon at the General Hospital, at the early age of 28. Dr. Steel graduated at the Edinburgh University, and was shortly afterwards appointed house surgeon at the Royal Infirmary in that city, which appointment he held for about a year. He then studied for some months at different Continental schools. On his return to England he was elected house surgeon at the Carlisle Infirmary, but shortly afterwards resigned and came to Birmingham. It was during the first six months of his residence at the General Hospital in this town that the Council of the College of Surgeons of Edinburgh testified their appreciation of his thorough knowledge of the science of surgery by electing him a fellow of their body. His failing health, however, compelled him to resign his appointment after a residence of two years, and few men have left behind them such deep regrets at their premature decease.

A very interesting discovery has been made at Berwick during the last few days. While trenching the ground for a garden at a recently erected villa in the Inner Cow Close, on the corporation property, the gardener being compelled to trench deeply, came upon the skeletons of several human beings. There were in different parts of the ground, and on each side of three of the bodies were slabs of undressed stone, with rude stone coverings. On one was an incised cross, with a rose in the centre; on another, the dist of a child, was a Latin cross. There is little doubt that this place has been an ancient burial ground, but at what time it is almost impossible to say. At another part of the ground there was discovered a tower-like structure of sound masonry, in front of which was a wall four feet thick, and running transversely into a portion of the neighbouring land. Permission was obtained to trace the wall into the adjoining land, and it has been ascertained that the wall is 94 feet long, by 43 in width.

In the Dundee Circuit Court of Justiciary, before Lords Cowan and Ardmillan, Peter Milne, shoemaker, and John Barry, ostler, both residing at Kirriemuir, were charged with culpable homicide, in so far as on Saturday, the 20th April, 1867, while they were in the inn at Kirriemuir, they wickedly and culpably administered to Alexander Baxter, labourer, a quantity of jalap, or other purgative, in rum, or rum and porter, and he having taken the same was seized with illness, and continued ill till the 13th of August, 1867, when he died, and was thus culpably bereaved of life. Mr. Campbell Smith objected to the part of the indictment charging the administration of a purgative to the injury of health; and maintained that there was no such crime known to the law. If to administer something injurious to health were criminal, then a jury of teetotallers would most readily and quite conscientiously convict for the administration of rum and porter without any jalap at all. There was no authority for sustaining a charge of this kind. The advocate depute cited several cases in support of his opinion that the words in the libel, "wickedly and feloniously" implied the animus of the crime. Mr. Campbell Smith, in reply, maintained that the words "wickedly and feloniously" did not constitute a crime what was not a crime—the mere administration of a purgative without any malicious intention. If that were a crime, then all the doctors and old wives in the country might consider themselves in jeopardy. The Court sustained the objection, and the advocate depute, in the circumstance, deserted the case *pro locis et temporis*. The prisoners were then liberated.

FEMALE LAWYERS.—A bill has passed the Iowa Senate which will gladden the hearts of the fair sex. It reads:—"Any person 21 years of age, who is actually an inhabitant of the State, and who satisfies any district court of this State, that the said person possesses the requisite learning and is of good moral character," shall be admitted to practise as an attorney in the different courts of the State. A correspondent says the wisdom of Blackstone and Coke hereafter will be nowhere, and that beautiful lawyeresses "with a bewitching smile and a sparkling eye" will turn jurymen's heads topsy-turvy. The only remedy will be to give women a representation on the jury also. It takes a woman to read a woman.—*Toronto Globe.*

METROPOLITAN.

ON Monday a fire broke out on a gasfitter's premises, Nos. 15 and 16, Giltspur-street. The fire-engines were promptly on the spot, but the flames could not be extinguished until the two houses were entirely gutted, and the adjoining houses severely damaged by fire and water. The cause of the fire is unknown.

THE various places of amusement and recreation in the metropolis and its neighbourhood were on Monday crowded with holiday-makers. Indeed, so stirring an Easter has not been seen for some years, but we fear that there was an unusual scarcity of the circulating medium. The fineness of the weather, however, was tempting; the railways, steamboats, and omnibuses were thronged. The Zoological Gardens at Regent's-park; the Horticultural Society's Grounds at Kensington; the Crystal Palace, and all other places in which the denizens of this vast over-grown City delight to air themselves were crowded. In the evening the theatres, music-halls, and other exhibitions, reaped a harvest.

ON Wednesday evening a meeting took place of the workmen employed at the Prince Consort's memorial, in Hyde-park, for the purpose of presenting a handsome Bible to the Rev. F. M. Middleton, a clergyman, who has for the last two years gratuitously visited and addressed them from time to time on religious subjects during the intervals of their labour. Having now obtained preferment in the country, Mr. Middleton is leaving London, and hence the determination of the men to present him with some mark of their gratitude before his departure. By a spontaneous movement on their part they subscribed the sum necessary for the purchase of the Bible, and presented it, with an appropriate inscription.

HORRIBLE DISCOVERY OF A CORPSE AT HACKNEY WICK.

SUSPECTED DREADFUL MURDER.

ONE of the most horrible discoveries recently made in the metropolis, giving rise to the strongest suspicions that a foul murder has been secretly committed, has just taken place in Hackney Wick. In the immediate vicinity of the old Hackney Wick, or Victoria Park Station, on the North London Railway, an extensive building speculation was commenced some few years ago, and several roads and streets have since been formed upon the estate, which has been gradually built upon and partially tenanted, the main road being one turning out on the southern side of Wick-road, towards the marshes, and called Victoria-road; the second street on the right of this road runs down to the railway embankment, and is known as Elgin-place. A portion of the houses in this street have remained for some time in an unfinished state, and it seems that in the week after Christmas last these houses were swept out by a man in the employ of Mr. Dabbs, builder, and were then left secured, the front doors being screwed up, a bar placed across them, and the back doors bolted. The windows, however, were simply put in, and not fixed. It appears that Mr. Dabbs had recently determined to complete these houses, and on Thursday afternoon one his carmen, named Edward Morris, was instructed to leave a load of sash weights at the house No. 21 in the street. As soon as he had opened the door he noticed a horrible stench, and called to the foreman, Thomas Newsom, who in a cupboard beneath the staircase found the dead body of a man fully dressed, with his head towards the door, and in a reclining position against the side of the cupboard. Newsom immediately made his master acquainted with the circumstance, and he communicated with the police. Dr. Powell, of Gainsborough-road, inspected the body, and gave an opinion that death must have taken place from two to three months since. The police authorities sent Sergeant W. Foden, 23 N, to investigate the matter, but he was unable to find the slightest clue by which to identify the deceased. The body was conveyed to the Hackney mortuary at the old tower in the churchyard. On visiting the mortuary on Monday morning the corpse presented a sickening and ghastly spectacle. The face, which was that of an evidently intellectual man, with a broad forehead and finely-chiselled features, was almost black, and the hair, moustache, and beard were matted with blood, while the eyes appeared to be completely destroyed by decomposition. The whole of the right side of the head was laid open, while over the right eyebrow was a deep depression as though from a fearful blow. The right hand is partially wasted at the finger ends and lies open, while the left is convulsively clenched. The hands are soft and delicate, apparently quite unused to manual labour, and, coupled with the features and the dress of the deceased, point emphatically to his having occupied a respectable position, although apparently that of a seaman.

The identification of the body of the gentleman supposed to be murdered at Hackney-wick has not yet been satisfactorily completed. There seems, however, to be little doubt as to the corpse being that of a lunatic who escaped on the night of the 1st of February from St. Luke's Lunatic Asylum, whose name was Heeseman. That name was found upon a portion of the clothing, and the description of the features and physique of the deceased tallies with that given by Heeseman's friends. A lady who identified the body as that of her missing husband by a peculiar mark upon one of the fingers, still adheres to her belief.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that on the person of the deceased no little article was found, such as a pocket handkerchief, pencil, &c., nor a scrap of paper of any description wherewith to identify him. The billycock hat and the pair of leather slippers which he had been wearing were found close to his head, and also a single blucher boot. The leppels of his coat are torn, and the arms and back bear numerous stains of blood. The dress of the deceased when the body was found was disarranged, and the braces, which are much stained with blood, appear to have been broken in a struggle.

There can be little doubt that the unfortunate deceased has been brutally murdered, and the body secreted in the cupboard, where it was found, an entrance to the house having been obtained through the window at the back of the house, which looks on to the marshes, as any person entering from the front would have been observed from the houses on the opposite side, which are tenanted. The blood-stained old frock coat found by the side of the body could not have been worn by the deceased underneath his pilot coat, and the single blucher boot points to the fact that some one else besides the murdered man must have been inside the house and had access to the cupboard in which the body was found.

Closer researches of the police resulted in the discovery of two names upon portions of the dress, "Heeseman" and "Harnett," and of some persons who on a day in the first week of February saw the deceased near the house alone. An ounce phial marked, "Laudanum-poison," has also been discovered carefully hidden under a staircase, but the bloody state of the corpse, its battered head, and other appearances of violence, render the supposition of suicide by poison extremely improbable. Just after these discoveries were made an elderly lady arrived with a photograph of a missing relation, named Simpson, which greatly resembled the features of the corpse, notwithstanding its decomposition, and it is probable that some clue will thus be obtained to the solution of this mysterious affair.

At the inquest the balance of evidence preponderated in favour of the theory that the unfortunate defendant was a lunatic named Heeseman, who escaped from St. Luke's on the 1st of February last. The marks upon the body, supposed to have been produced by violence, are stated by a medical witness to be rather the result of putrefaction. It is believed that the cause of death was poisoning by laudanum, an empty phial which had contained that drug having been found near the body.

PROVINCIAL.

AT an early hour on Saturday morning, a man named Hardman was found in an old pit, about ten or a dozen yards deep, between the Harborough Hills and the aqueduct at Barnsley. It appears that the man had taken a short cut to his home, and had fallen into the pit, which contained a quantity of water. He was pulled out by means of a pit rope.

THOMAS MULALLY, an ostler in the service of Messrs. Busby, was engaged in his master's stable at Prescott, near Liverpool, on Friday. In order to get one of the horses out of the way, Mulally struck it with a strap, when the animal, which had a vicious temper, kicked the ostler so violently on the temple that he died on the following day.

AN accident of a very extraordinary character occurred a few days ago at the railway station, Doncaster. A train had come in from Wakefield, and only just entered the station, when one of the wheels of the engine came off. Fortunately no serious accident was caused, but, had it taken place but a few moments previously, when the train was in rapid motion, there is no knowing what might have been the result.

AT Manchester, on Saturday, a man named William Mather was charged with having attempted to murder his child, three years of age, by throwing it into the river Irwell. The only evidence adduced was that the child was found in a wet and exhausted state in the lodge at Messrs. Ermen and Engle's mill, and that the prisoner stated to a woman that he had been trying to drown the child but could not. He was remanded.

ON Monday afternoon a bricklayer's labourer, named James Burke, aged 24, residing in Sepulchre-gate in Doncaster, murdered his wife. They had been out with an Easter party, and both were worse for drink. After they returned home a quarrel took place, and the wretched man beat and kicked his wife until she fell dead. On being apprehended he said, "She is dead; but I haven't done it, although I know I shall swing for it." He has been brought before the magistrates and remanded.

THE personal friends of Sir Alexander Grant, Bart., who is married to a granddaughter of the late Professor Wilson ("Christopher North") state that they now consider his election to the vacant principality and the vacant chair of moral philosophy of the University of Edinburgh very secure. Sir Alexander Grant was born in America, and studied at Oriel College, Oxford. He is at present Vice-Chancellor of the new University of Bombay.

A MELANCHOLY accident occurred at Newbiggen-by-the-Sea, on Friday night. A new omnibus was being tried upon the road for the first time. Mr. Dixon, the station-master at North Seaton, accompanied the driver to Newbiggen, and on arriving at the village the horses bolted, and ran for an archway through which they are accustomed to go to their stables. The driver jumped down safely, but Dixon was caught between the top of the bus and the arch, and so dreadfully crushed and injured that death ensued a few minutes after. Deceased leaves a widow and large family, most of whom are grown.

NOTWITHSTANDING that every effort has been made, the bodies of the two unfortunate gentlemen who were drowned in the Mersey on Good Friday had not, up to the time of our going to press, been recovered, although ample rewards have been offered. Much sympathy is felt for the families of the unfortunate gentlemen. One of the deceased, Mr. A. Hamilton, was only nineteen, and his father held at one time a very prominent position in the Confederate forces. His uncle, Mr. Prioleau, who resides in Liverpool, is one of the principal partners in the eminent house of Frazer, Trenholm, and Co., of Liverpool and Charleston. The other deceased gentleman, Mr. Ward Grundy, was nephew to Mr. Swinton Boulton, secretary to the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company. It is believed that the strong current which was running at the time the accident occurred has carried the bodies out to sea.

IN pursuance of the annual custom at Nottingham on Easter Monday, the young aspirants to county fame were "put through their paces," the "trial team" being the renowned Notts Eleven, whose patriotism in this particular is deserving of all praise and worthy of imitation generally. There is no county half so prolific in professional talent as Nottingham, and the committee know well how to foster it, by giving encouragement to those colts who exhibit talent in any department of the game, instead of taking, as is done in some counties, batting as the sole standard of excellence. As is usual on these occasions, there was a vast many more candidates than vacancies, and the task of selecting the best twenty-two was anything but an easy one. Considerable pains had been taken with the Trent Bridge Ground, and, bearing in mind the drought which has of late prevailed, the wickets may be said to have been in good playing order. The weather was fine and dry, with a cold north-east wind; but this did not prevent the assembling together of between two and three thousand spectators.

A MAN, named David Underwood, was brought up for examination on a charge of having attempted to murder his wife, at Farham, a village near Bury St. Edmund's. On Saturday night, the 4th inst., the prisoner went home the worse for drink, and began quarrelling with his wife, as he had frequently done before. He then went into his garden, and dug several holes, one of which was large enough for a grave, after which he returned to the house, and asked his wife to come out and see the grave he had dug for her. She went and looked at it, but went back again to the house, where the quarrelling was resumed, and the prisoner used very violent language, and threatened to kill her. Soon afterwards he was seen to come out at the front door with a cleaver in his hand, and after shutting the gate he returned to the house and locked the door, still threatening to kill his wife. A blow and a groan were subsequently heard, and one of the neighbours on looking in at the window, after an interval, saw him wiping blood off the floor. The woman was found upstairs bleeding profusely from three very severe wounds about the head and face, one of which divided the left ear and cut down to the skull-bone, and another had completely shattered her lower jaw. The wounds were such as the cleaver would produce. The prisoner made no attempt to deny his guilt, but on the contrary, when told that he had nearly murdered his wife, he said he was glad of it, as he had put her out of her misery. The medical evidence being to the effect that the woman was not out of danger, the prisoner was remanded.

THE EDMUNDS SCANDAL.—It is now definitely fixed that the case of the "Attorney-General v. Edmunds" will come on for hearing on the merits before the Vice-Chancellor Giffard on a day between the 20th and 27th inst. With respect to this important case a slight inaccuracy has appeared—viz., that "the information in Chancery at the instance of the Attorney-General against Mr. Edmunds charges him with perjury, embezzlement, robbery of the public purse," &c. The information does not make imputations in those terms. It carefully avoids such expressions. At the hearing of the case, however, all the alleged irregularities complained of by the Crown will be made public, the defendant contending that the course pursued by him while clerk of the patents was a strictly true and correct course, and which he was justified in adopting. In a short time an action for libel, brought by Mr. Edmunds, will come on for trial in the Court of Common Pleas, arising out of a report made by Mr. Greenwood, the Solicitor to the Treasury, in respect of the Patent-office affairs.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THERE is a Ministerial crisis at Stockholm, four of the Ministers having resigned, in consequence of adverse votes in the Diet on financial matters.

A TELEGRAM from Vienna announces that the negotiations for a commercial treaty between Austria and England have at length been brought to a successful conclusion, and that it is proposed that the treaty shall come into operation on the 1st of June next.

ADVICES received from the Mauritius, dated March 12th, state that a hurricane had taken place, by which 14 ships were driven ashore and the sugar crops damaged. The epidemic prevalent in the island had not disappeared.

THE budget for India, presented by Mr. Massey to the Supreme Council, shows a surplus for the year 1867-68 of 1,700,700*l.*, and for the year 1868-69 an estimated surplus of 2,065,540*l.* The surplus, however, will be greatly reduced by the large extraordinary outlay which is proposed for public works.

ON the resumption of the impeachment trial on Saturday before the Senate, General Thomas was called as a witness, and deposed that President Johnson had never ordered him to employ force to obtain possession of the War Office. One of the charges against Mr. Johnson is that he had given such orders to the general.

THE workmen of Lisbon, smarting under the effects of want of employment, have resorted to the bad policy of parading the streets and disturbing the public tranquillity. The Municipal Guard had to be patrolled and kept in readiness to check any outrage, but after sending in a petition to the Minister of the Interior the assembly appears to have quietly dispersed.

A MILITARY convention for the repression of brigandage has been concluded between the military authorities of the provinces of Naples and the Commander of the Pontifical troops on the southern frontier. This—the first public friendly act between the Pontifical and Italian Governments since the battle of Mentana—will, it is hoped, lead to the early suppression of brigandage in that part of the peninsula.

SOME men have been at work lately under the windows of the beautiful galleries in the Louvre, and on seeing the red clay which the workmen are digging out, one is reminded of the old site of the palace, from which the Tuilleries takes its name, and where potters made coarse tiles until a monarch built his house there. Also of the quaint piece of advice given by an old author, who "Amicably counsels any King of France who should lose his crown to work the soil beneath his feet; for, in default of riches, he will draw from it this lesson, that it is easier to knead and shape clay into a mould than to govern Gaul."

IN a dispatch received by telegraph at the India House, dated the 17th March, Sir R. Napier states that his camp, with 700 men, would reach Lake Ashangi the following day, and that a large force of men and artillery was only two marches behind. Sir R. Napier describes the country as very difficult and mountainous, one range being near 10,000 feet high. Notwithstanding the hardships of the march the troops continue all well. King Theodore was close to Magdala with his beloved guns, and it is thought will make his stand there. Nothing better could be wished. As to the captives, they were being treated better, and were all well.

THE Emperor has again expressed the wish to bring the remains of the Duke of Reichstadt to Paris. Thirty years ago, on the 22nd of July, died at Schonbrunn the poor young Prince who thus wrote his own epitaph: "Here lies the son of Napoleon the Great; he was born King of Rome, and died an Austrian soldier." Truly the contrast was great. His birth announced by ringing of bells and roaring of cannon, his father, wild with joy, crying out to the crowd of congratulators who pressed in his apartments, "C'est un roi de Rome!"—and, twenty-one years later, the youth dying after a long and painful illness, murmuring his last touching words to his mother with almost childish despair, "Ich gehe unter, meine Mutter, meine Mutter." Some of the objects which belonged to him are also to be brought to Paris, and placed beside the embroidered coats and the famous *petit chapeau* in the museum of the Louvre.

PATTI, *on le dit*, is really to be married in six weeks. For eighteen months she will continue to sing under the name of Mlle. Patti, and will then assume her title of Marquise de Caux. Patti was one of the fifteen distinguished *quintettes* who collected last week during the mass of Prince Poniatowski, sung at St. Eustache, in aid of the poor. The church was crowded; an hour before the mass commenced it was impossible to enter. The eagerness to hear Poniatowski's mass was much enhanced by the presence of the *quintettes*. The officiating bishop had a curious cortege as he paced round the church, and the procession, headed by the great cross, looked strangely terminated by fifteen *éclatantes* in splendid toilettes, led by fifteen gentlemen in pearl-grey gloves. The first velvet money bag was tendered by the Princess de Metternich, simply dressed with her usual good taste. There was the beautiful Mlle. Poniatowski, Mlle. Patti, Mlle. Conneau, the pretty wife of the Emperor's doctor, and, more brilliant than any, Mlle. Walewski, robed in green velvet and sable, a mantle of golden hair streaming from beneath her chignon to her waist. The collection was enormous.—*Après de musique*, a few days after the magnificent jewels were sent to Mlle. Nilsson by the Emperor and Empress, the Emperor presented to Faure two splendid fowling pieces. The well-known tenor is an inveterate sportsman, and his greatest delight is to escape from the Opera to the stable and heather.

ACCIDENT TO THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY AND HIS GROOM.—The Dumfriesshire hunt, of which the Marquis of Queensberry is master, usually winds up the fox-hunting season with steeplechase races. This year they took place on Tuesday, on the farm of Hitchell, near Cummertrees. In the first race, for which seven horses started, the Marquis of Queensberry had two horses—one ridden by himself and another by a groom. The Marquis, it is well known, is a bold and fearless rider, and is rather fond of riding in steeplechases; but his horse in taking a fence fell, and the Marquis got his right leg fractured. Notwithstanding the accident the Marquis not only managed to extricate himself from the horse, but, with characteristic pluck, he scrambled into the saddle, and succeeded in coming in second. On reaching the goal the Marquis found it necessary to send for a pony carriage to take him to Kinmount. Dr. Little, Annan, was speedily in attendance, who found that the small bones only were broken, and rendered the necessary aid. The horse rode by the Marquis's groom, in taking a fence at crossing a road, fell above his rider, who was severely crushed, one of his ribs being broken. He was conveyed home, and medical aid being promptly at hand, he is recovering.

MONKS AND BRIGANDS.—A communication from the Abruzzi says:—Six monks have just been arrested in the convent of the Madonna del Monti di Pereto, for having lodged and fed for three days a band of brigands commanded by Fontana. Before leaving, the chief gave 20 piastres to the monks, and the men also left money to have masses celebrated. A priest of Pereto, named Vincenza Penno, has also been arrested for giving asylum to the bandit d'Angelo when the latter was suffering from a bad foot, and for having passed him off as a pig-dealer when the carabinieri came to ask questions respecting him.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN has so far recovered from his late indisposition that he is able to perform at the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, in "Richard III.," in which character he made so great a success at Drury Lane Theatre.



GOOD FRIDAY IN BRITTANY.

GOVERNMENT BY COMMISSION.

GOVERNMENT by commission is the order of the day. Whenever any important question turns up it has become a regular practice for the Ministry to evade the responsibility of dealing with it by sending it to a Royal Commission. At the present moment there are more than a dozen important Commissions in existence. Some of these may be expected to report this year, as, for instance, the Marriage Laws Commission, the Neutrality Laws Commission, the Irish Railways Commission, the Coal Supply and Water Supply Commissions. The Commissions on Rivers Pollution and Agricultural Labour see a prospect of ending their labours next year, and the Law Digest Commissioners also hope within the same period to have prepared three specimen digests of certain selected branches of law. Neither the Trade Union nor the Ritual Commission can give any idea when their inquiries will be concluded. The Commission on the Irish Church, having achieved the arduous duty of electing a chairman, hopes to get through its task in the course of the present year. The Commissions on Primary Education in Ireland and Courts-Martial have only just been appointed. Recent returns show that the cost to the country of Commissions of Inquiry since 1830 has been very nearly a million sterling, or an average expenditure of £27,000 a year, but the wholesale employment of Commissions by the present Government will, of course, swell the charge considerably.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS ON GOOD FRIDAY.

BRITTANY, a province of France, has, of course, like all portions of Roman Catholic countries, its religious processions to celebrate the principal Saint's day. In some cases on Good Friday, Christ is represented with all the attributes of the Crucifixion. In one of the engravings we give a ceremony of this nature in progress, in which nuns, priests, and villagers all take part.—A somewhat similar procession is taking place in the ancient city of Trèves, in the Prussian dominion. This city was founded by the Romans during the reign of Augustus. The cathedral is remarkable for its altar and marble gallery, and the church of St. Simeon for its great antiquity.

CITY HAT COMPANY's only retail address is Nos. 109, 110, and 3, SHOE-LANE, exactly EIGHT doors from Fleet-street. Particular attention is called to the distance of the premises from Fleet-street, the great success of the CITY HAT COMPANY having caused several imitators to open shops in the same vicinity with names very similar.—WALKER and FORTESCUE, Managers. —[ADVT.]

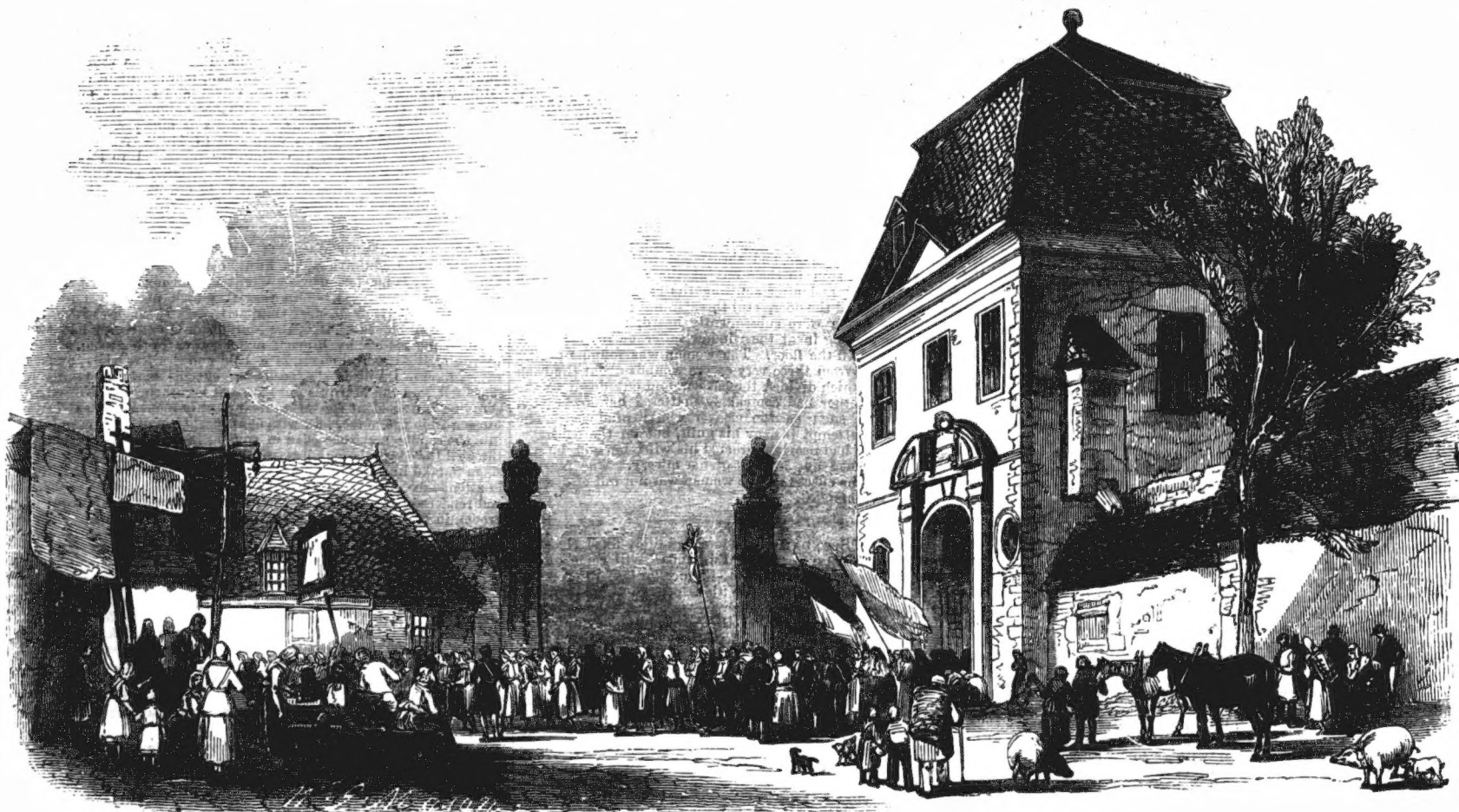
GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMEON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

THE TOMB AND MOSQUE OF ASOPHUD DOWLAH, AT LUCKNOW.

THIS magnificent pile of buildings is approached (as will be seen by our illustration on page 265) through a very large quadrangle to a very large garden, on one side of which is a very beautiful mosque, and on the other the Bolee Palace. The mosque is built on an elevated terrace, and consists of three long and finely-proportioned apartments, running parallel to each other. The central room is 167 feet in length by 52 in breadth, and in its rear is a raised set of rooms on open arches, with fountains and basins of water under each arch. It is considered one of the most beautiful buildings in India.

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Rightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]



GOOD FRIDAY AT TRÈVES.

GENERAL FLORES.

ON February 20, 1865, General Flores, the lately assassinated President of the Republic of Uruguay, entered Monte Video as "Liberator," not by military conquest, but by a "transaction" suddenly concluded by the then "Blanco" Government with Flores, the head of the "Colorado" (then a revolutionary party with which Brazil had allied itself). The object of the "transaction" was to avert an imminent bombardment by the Brazilian fleet of the defenceless city of Monte Video; and a temporary occupation of that place by English, French, and other foreign marines, under the direction of the diplomatic agents in the city, secured the success of the arrangement which placed General Flores at the head of the Republic, and converted it from being the enemy of Brazil into an ally against Paraguay. Exactly three years after, on February 19, 1868, the Blancos made a sudden attempt at revolution in Monte Video, and President Flores is assassinated in the streets. His death is graphically described in the *Buenos Ayres Standard*. Immediately on hearing of the rising, the President-General got into a carriage with his secretary and two other companions to proceed to the spot. He had gone but a little way when the carriage was stopped by a band of men who had followed from Government House, the coachman and one of the horses were killed, and the General attacked by eight or nine men simultaneously, was wounded by their cutlasses. "Flores," it is said, "on receiving the first two wounds threw himself out of the carriage, and pulling out a revolver, endeavoured to defend himself heroically for a few minutes, but to no avail, and soon was left a corpse on the pavement. When the attack first began, he called out, 'Miserable assassins, kill me, but spare my

DEATH OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, K.G.

WE regret to announce the unexpected death of the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., which took place shortly after six o'clock on Sunday evening at Hatfield House, the ancient family seat in Hertfordshire. The Marquis of Salisbury only left town on Saturday for Hatfield in apparent health. On his valet going into his room on Sunday morning he found his master labouring under very severe illness, and in consequence the Marchioness of Salisbury, who had gone on Saturday last to Kneale, near Sevenoaks, to visit the Earl and Countess Delaware, was immediately sent for. Her ladyship arrived at Hatfield just in time to see her husband alive, as he expired about a quarter of an hour after she arrived at Hatfield House. The late James Brownlow William Gascoyne-Cecil, Marquis and Earl of Salisbury, Viscount Cranborne, county Dorset, and Baron Cecil of Essendine, county Rutland, in the peerage of Great Britain, was the only son of James first Marquis of Salisbury, by his wife Lady Mary Emily Hill, second daughter of Wills, first Marquis of Downshire. He was born April 17, 1791, consequently, had he lived a few days longer, he would have attained his 77th year. He succeeded to the family honours on the death of his father, June 13, 1823. The deceased marquis was twice married—first, Feb. 2, 1821, to Frances Mary, only daughter and heir of Mr. Bamber Gascoyne, who died on Oct. 15, 1839; and, secondly, he married, on April 29, 1847, Lady Mary Catherine Sackville-West, second daughter of the Earl of Delaware. By his second marriage he leaves surviving issue Lady Mildred, married to Mr. Alexander J. Beresford Hope, M.P.; Lady Blanche, widow of Mr. James Maitland Balfour, of Whittingham; Viscount Cranborne, M.P. for Stamford; and Lord Eustace Cecil, M.P. for

THE POLITICAL RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

WHILE criticising Mr. Fawcett's argument of behalf of the political rights of women we allow that there is strength of mind in each sex, but not the same strength of mind in both cases; at least, not generally, and when a woman is so strong-minded as to suggest a resemblance to the stronger sex, men feel they could not love her, and accordingly do not like her. This is a matter of instinct. Women do not like men with feminine qualities, and men do not like masculine women. In the conflict of war and of politics, men fight to win and overthrow if they can. But how shall we know what we are about when we have to deal with Mr. Fawcett's army of strong-minded women, all of them Jaels and Judiths, with a sprinkling possibly of Jezebels and Herodias? It is quite certain that men will not like them; and it is equally certain that the Amazons will not have the superiority of strength to compensate for any want of the purely feminine qualities. It must be conceded to be very desirable that a greater variety of employment and avenues of advancement were open to women, and one might conceive them to be better educated with this view. Men certainly engross many occupations for which women would be very competent. If, for example, Mr. Fawcett and Mr. T. Hughes would persuade the fashionable world to frequent only those shops for the sale of female attire where none but shopwomen are employed, that would give a suitable occupation to many thousand women of whom some are possibly making shirts at a pittance which hardly keeps body and soul together. But, not to dwell on this, and other concessions, what is the use of encouraging the weak to think themselves strong—that is, in the sense that men are strong, and strong-minded women are strong? No



"COUNTRY COUSINS" AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM ON EASTER MONDAY.

companions.' These were his only and last words." In the course of the day, Berro, the leader of the revolution was shot. English and other foreign marines were landed from the men-of-war in port to protect property and persons, and the revolution was quickly put down. But consternation was afterwards caused by the sudden death of a brother of the late President Flores, and six other military officers in the Cabildo, on the night of the 21st of February, and it was believed that the well had been poisoned.

SENSATIONAL ASSAULT CASE.—A somewhat sensational assault case, which has lately occupied much of the time and attention of Alderman Hale at Guildhall, came to an unexpected termination on Saturday. The complainant was a Mr. Yelland, and on the 13th of March two persons named Hill and Alport, who were aggrieved with respect to some share transactions, went to his office, and the former assaulted and beat him so severely that at the earlier examinations he was not able to appear in court. So serious did the matter appear that the worthy alderman (pending the alleged dangerous state of Yelland) refused to admit Hill to bail. After several "remands" Yelland was at length able to appear in court for the first time on Saturday week, when Alderman Hale said he had "made up his mind" to commit the prisoners for trial, but they were formally remanded for a week, in order to admit of the attendance of the surgeon to complete the depositions. On Saturday last, however, when the case was called on, the prosecutor did not appear, and a statement was made that he was bringing a civil action to recover damages. Alderman Hale then changed "his mind," and discharged the defendants.

GREY or faded hair restored to its original colour by F. E. SIMMONS'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers. —[ADVT.]

Let not your hat spread a false report to your discredit: for of a truth, a shocking bad one tells tales—it bespeaks a small banking account and a purse at a very low ebb. Therefore our advice is this—Go to the WESTERN HAT COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE, 403, OXFORD-STREET, just three doors from the new entrance to the SOHO BAZAAR, and try one of their celebrated Paris-made Hats, at a price that can scarcely be felt. —[ADVT.]

South Essex. By his second marriage his lordship leaves issue three sons—viz., Lord Sackville, Lord Arthur, and Lord Lionel Cecil; and Ladies Mary Arabella and Margaret Elizabeth Cecil. The Marquis of Salisbury was appointed lord lieutenant of the county of Middlesex on the resignation of the late Duke of Portland; was made a D.C.L. at Oxford in 1834, and was created a Knight of the Garter in 1842. He had been colonel of the Hertfordshire Militia since 1851, and was major of the South Hertfordshire Yeomanry Cavalry from 1847 to 1854. He was appointed a deputy lieutenant of Argyllshire in 1859, and on the resignation of the late Lord Dacre was unanimously elected chairman of the Herts Quarter Sessions. The late Marquis of Salisbury accepted office in the Earl of Derby's first administration, in 1852, as Lord Privy Seal; and again, in Lord Derby's government, from February, 1858, to June, 1859, as Lord President of the Council. The deceased nobleman, it is almost unnecessary to say, was a staunch and consistent Conservative in politics, and a supporter of the agricultural interest. He supported the late Sir Robert Peel's government up to the proposition to repeal the Corn Laws.

Viscount Cranborne, M.P., by the lamented death of his father, succeeds to the ancestral honours and large landed property. The present peer was born 3rd February, 1830, and married 11th July, 1857, Georgiana Caroline, eldest daughter of Sir E. H. Alderson, one of the barons of the Exchequer. He was educated at Eton and Christchurch, Oxford, and obtained a fellowship at All Souls' in 1853. His lordship has been member for Stamford since 1853.

The families of the Earl and Countess Cowley, Colonel and Lady Rosa Greville-Nugent, the Marquis and Marchioness of Downshire, the Marquis of Westmeath, Lord and Lady Dangan, Mr. and Lady Mildred B. Hope, and others, are in mourning by the death of his lordship.

WE (*Staffordshire Advertiser*) regret to have to announce the death of Colonel Coote Buller, third son of Sir Edward Manningham Buller, Bart., Dillhorn Hall, and M.P. for the northern division of this county. The deceased was formerly in the Rifle Brigade, and served with distinction in the Crimean War.

laws whatever will avail to put strength or intellect into those who fail even in the arts and the natural weapons of their own sex, and who, even in the school of nature, have proved backward scholars. No doubt they are ill-used and have much to complain of. The same may be said of children. The same may be said of the poor. They are ill-used. Laws and institutions are made by men, by the strong, by the wealthy, by the clever, and by the adult, and in all these capacities power is abused. But so it has always been everywhere, and always will be. There is no help for it.—*Times*.

SHOCKING RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—An accident of a most painful and distressing nature occurred on Tuesday night at the New-street Station, Birmingham, to a young man named Edward Warner, aged 21, a lampman in the employ of the company. Warner had previously been engaged at the Holywell Station, and had only been in his present situation about six weeks. About nine o'clock on Tuesday night he had just been engaged in placing the lamps in the carriages of the train for Leamington, which was about to start, and, jumping down from the train, it would seem that he was crossing the main line in order to meet the Walsall train, which was then due, and which it was part of his duty to "un-lamp," when a shunting engine came up the main line from the direction of the Worcester-street tunnel, and before the man could get out of the way he was knocked down and the wheels of the engine passed over him. A stretcher was procured, and the injured man, bleeding profusely from the left thigh and right leg, but perfectly sensible, was conveyed to the Queen's Hospital. It was found that he had sustained a compound comminuted fracture of the left thigh, and also of the right leg, and it was rendered necessary to amputate those members—the thigh at the hip joint and the leg just below the knee. He, however, survived the process but a very short time.

ON Saturday afternoon Robert Kidnair, one of the divers engaged at the wreck of the Greek ship *Bondolina*, which it will be remembered blew up in the Mersey in November last, found the body of a man in a very decomposed state. The body has not yet been recognised, but it is supposed to be that of one of the crew of that vessel.

THEATRES.

COTYENT GARDEN.—Italian Opera. Half-past Eight.
 DRURY LANE.—Italian Opera. Half-past Eight.
 HAYMARKET.—A Co-Operative Movement—A Hero of Romance
 —Intrigue. Seven.
 PRINCESS'S.—Poor Pillcocky—Jeanie Deans—Number One
 Round the Corner. Seven.
 OLYMPIC.—The Woman of the World—Hit or Miss. Seven.
 LYCEUM.—The Japanese. Eight.
 ADELPHI.—Go to Putney—No Thoroughfare. Seven.
 STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—
 Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.
 HOLBORN.—The Post-Boy—The White Fawn—Special Per-
 formances.
 PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot.—Play—A Silent Protector.
 Eight.
 NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray.—The Merry Zingara—Quite at
 Home. Half-past Seven.
 NEW QUEEN'S.—Mary Jones—Oliver Twist—La Vivandiere.
 Seven.
 ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Scenes in
 the Arena.—The Wonderful Spanish Troupe. Half-past
 Seven.
 SURREY.—Poor Humanity—The Trapper Trapped. Eight.
 STANDARD.—The Duchess of Malfi—The Hole in the Wall.
 Seven.
 BRITANNIA.—The Wolf of the Pyrenees. Quarter before Seven.
 CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.
 POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from
 Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.
 MADAME TUNSAUD'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.
 ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Jus-
 tice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House,
 Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses
 of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds;
 Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery;
 National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South
 Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; So-
 ciety of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every
 year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster
 Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers'
 Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 6, New
 Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins);
 Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College
 of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum
 (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington
 House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum,
 South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street;
 Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum,
 Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street,
 Strand.)

A PANSEY.—The marriage is legal, but it must be properly regis-
 tered.

B. F.—Apply to some one connected with the merchant service.

X. Y. Z.—We do not require the contribution.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.

It really does seem at last that we are going to do justice to Ireland. After sleeping over Irish grievances for years in a manner very suggestive of slumbering over a volcano, by the way, we are waking up and obtaining a true knowledge of what is required by that shamefully misgoverned country. Parliament has practically abolished the Church Establishment, and now the Prince and Princess of Wales are going among the Irish to show that they are not totally forgotten and altogether uncared for. This is the way to reach Pat's susceptible heart, and stamp out the hydra of Fenianism. That ancient Irish metropolis which in December last was engaged in celebrating funeral processions in honour of the murderers of Brett is now preparing with genuine enthusiasm for processions of a different kind. Partly, no doubt, owing to the waning popularity of Fenianism, but still more owing to a popular recognition of the conciliatory attitude of the Crown, the approaching Royal visit is looked forward to in Dublin with the most genuine enthusiasm. In the factious—we had almost said revolutionary—times in which we live, it is a great satisfaction to find the important constitutional principle of Royalty asserting itself by the mere force of circumstances. There is a spirit abroad at present which is disposed to regard whatever is old, and has been useful in times past, as useless and obsolete at the present day; and Royalty itself is not likely to meet with over-much consideration from the noisy votaries of change. Poor unhappy Ireland has suffered much from England. In the Norman times it was the prey of the discarded younger sons of feudal power. In a later age it was made by the Stuarts the battle-field of the liberties of England. Subsequently it has been torn by religious factions kept alive for political purposes. Now its hapless fate is to serve as a *corpus elite* for the experiments of the new philosophers. Wherever there is social disorder, there is danger of revolution, is an axiom of politics which all history supports, and that revolutionary spirit which in England is the result of mere licentiousness, tries to find in the condition of Ireland a justification of its existence. There are many who have always believed that the real evils of Ireland were social, and to be remedied by social influences, and now the highest functionaries in the State, the source of social distinctions, have undertaken to recognise this fact. The present

visit of the Prince of Wales to Ireland, and the effect which the mere announcement of it has produced, is both a proof of the value of our monarchical system and is a justification of the policy which we have always advocated in Ireland. All testimony to Irish character is agreed on this, that the people of that country are affected much more by persons than by institutions. Of this great law of the Celtic disposition we find evidence in the old clan system of tanistry. It found expression in the history of the Norman chiefs, who, fascinated by the personal devotion of their Irish adherents, became more Irish than the Irish themselves. We see it in the personal influence of the Irish priest over his flock at the present day. This characteristic may not be very congenial to our English habits of thought, but where its existence is an undoubted fact, it offers peculiar advantages for the good government of Ireland if England only knows how to take proper advantage of it. That part of our institutions which is specially personal is just the one which may be employed with most success in Ireland. Every circumstance combines to give the present visit a peculiar significance. The Prince of Wales is not a stranger to Ireland, and if he were, this is not a season which he would particularly choose for visiting an interesting portion of the Queen's dominions. The installation of the Prince as a Knight of St. Patrick's is rather one of the incidents of the visit than the primary cause of it. That cause we must seek in the disposition of the Sovereign to cultivate the sympathies of her Irish subjects. The Prince and Princess of Wales are in Ireland at a season when they can assist at an unusually large number of Irish celebrations. The list of entertainments at which these representatives of Royalty have attended within less than a fortnight includes the great Irish Derby, the Punctestown races, two days; the installation of the Prince at St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the annual Irish cattle show in the following week, besides processions, balls, and banquets innumerable. Noticeable among the balls is a national subscription ball, managed by a simple committee of noblemen and gentlemen, which the Prince and Princess have both promised to attend. The unofficial character of this ball makes the attendance of the Royal visitors more of a personal compliment to the nation at large. That gallantry of which the Irish are so proud will evoke the greatest enthusiasm for the Princess of Wales. There is no reason to doubt that in every way this visit will be taken, as it would seem to be meant, as an earnest of renewed interest on the part of the Queen and her family in the welfare of her Irish subjects. "Immediate action" about Irish affairs has been the cry of the quacks. While the question of the feasibility of establishing a Royal residence in Ireland is still under discussion, the Prince of Wales has taken immediate action in going himself, with his Royal consort, as a messenger of peace and conciliation to the Irish people. We have no doubt this proceeding will meet with such recognition from the Irish nation as will at once establish the advisability of providing a permanent Royal residence in Ireland. With this will come rapidly the disappearance of the real practical Irish grievance—the absentee proprietary. Where it the habit of Royalty to go among the Irish people for a certain portion of every year, such an example could not be overlooked by the great owners of Irish estates, and permanent residences on the properties of these landlords would become a matter of course. With this change we should get rid of religious strife and the hateful feuds of race. The most influential classes of both nations would thoroughly understand the circumstances of both; they would have learned them from personal observation, not from hearsay, and would be in a position, not only to observe what was requisite in the way of legislation, but to put their advice in such a shape as to be understood by the assembly which they might be addressing. In the presence of Royalty, and of an aristocracy whom the people would look up to and love as the source of a renewed prosperity, how many Irish troubles would disappear for ever! But we must not expect that the Fenians will look on with equanimity at this conciliation of the Irish people. Though the life of the conspiracy is pretty nearly sped, that it will give many convulsive twitches yet is only too probable. The series of outrages within the last few days in the neighbourhood of Cork seem intended to show that though the brotherhood of that locality have lost Mackay they have still sufficient energy and daring to entitle them to the confidence of the disaffected. This practice of entering private houses may be exceedingly disagreeable to the inhabitants of Cork. But it has lost its early significance. No one now looks on these exploits as any prelude to a general rising. They are simple advertisements to the disaffected of the continued existence of Fenianism, and no doubt in that light mischievous enough; but as long as we have the power of checking Fenianism as effectually as we have hitherto done we may wait with perfect contentment until the brotherhood and the public are alike weary of these exploits, so fruitless as regards the ostensible Fenian programme—the raising a standard of rebellion. When we see Fenianism expiring in the firm grasp of the executive, the Crown making every exertion to win the affections of the Irish people, and that with every prospect of the most complete success, we have reason to rejoice that whatever on this side of the Channel may be the factious disposition of the majority of the House of Commons, the Queen and the Queen's Government are yet able, in Ireland itself, to prepare for a happier era.

THE Wandering Minstrels, conducted by Captain the Hon. Seymour Egerton, have promised their assistance at a concert, to be given on Wednesday, the 22nd inst., at the Castle Hotel, Richmond, for the benefit of the National Orphan Home.

PUBLIC OPINION.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SYSTEM.

WITH reference to Lord Dufferin's co-operative society, the danger of the system lies in the too sanguine expectations which its early successes inspire. For a while the real managers are content to work for nothing, performing gratuitously the labour for which the ordinary tradesman compensates himself by the higher rate of his profits. But this disinterested zeal cannot be expected to last for ever, and when it abates the committee of co-operative societies will be assimilated, more or less, to the directors of joint-stock companies, whose aggregate salaries, with those of secretaries and other officers, generally bear no mean proportion to the net earnings of the business. When this happens they may find it more difficult than at present to compete with individual capitalists, especially if these last are wise enough to borrow the most valuable features of the co-operative system. Yet there are economical, and still more, moral, benefits in co-operation. If the former, which consist principally in reducing the excessive number of mere distributors, are likely to be less felt in country districts, where shopkeepers are comparatively few, the latter are nowhere else so urgently needed. It requires a powerful leverage to counteract those inveterate habits of improvidence which arise from the very minuteness of the possible saving out of 10s. or 12s. a week. That leverage is supplied by co-operation. When a man finds that by paying ready money he can earn a dividend large enough to cover the rent of a house and garden, besides getting food and comforts of better quality, he gains a new sense of independence, and grasps a conviction which no amount of good advice will ever bring home to him.—Times.

PARLIAMENT AND THE CHURCH.

The first condition of all our legal and political system is that the British Parliament, composed of Sovereign, Lords, and Commons, is omnipotent in these countries. It may be asked then, what security has the English Church? In the sense of mere legal and documentary security, it has none—none whatever. It can have none. If by some marvellous and now utterly inconceivable change it were to become in England what the Irish Establishment is in Ireland—the Church of an alien majority of an eighth of the population—no title-deeds, no pleadings, no quibbles, no quirks, could save its supremacy and its State endowments. Watched indeed would be the position of any political or religious institution which had no other claim to existence than some clause in an obsolete Act of Parliament, some agreement made more than half a century ago between two extinct Legislatures. The best, and indeed the only security of the English Church must be that it is a national institution, not a foreign garrison; that it has the support and regard, instead of the hostility and hatred, of the majority of the people.—Star.

COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

It is a great thing to buy and sell, and to keep the blood of commerce circulating; and it may be a fair and pure life, and one of chivalry and perfect honour, as easily as the life of Amadis of Gaul, or Sir Galahad. If we could not live without the hosts of retail dealers who feed this vast city, then they are as dignified in the principle of their life as the Lord Mayor, or the proudest personage among its inhabitants, and ought to be as clean from blame or shame, or miserable little frauds. The noble soul does all things, large and little, in the best and truest way; and what in God's name is the fatal law which forbids to these traders, dealers, jobbers, contractors, horse-dealers, and city men round about us a noble soul? If it were the mere fact of money-making, then of all damnable vocations the making of money is the worst. But money-making may be followed, like all other human industries, to the glory of Heaven and the help of man. A cheque may be crossed conscientiously, and change for a shilling given with an honour as beautiful as that of Sarpedon, in the "Iliad," when he presented Diomed with the gold suit of armour. What we would say to the British traders, with great sadness and conviction of the weakness of words, is this: Be cheaters and liars if you will, but don't lay the sin upon your "business necessities." Business of all kinds is good and divine; and it is the traders alone that can make trade sacred and elevated.—Telegraph.

THE STABILITY OF THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

The recent demonstrations of the popular mind in France are proofs rather of the strength than the weakness of the French Administration. As with our own Fenianism, it seems reasonable that it should be the consciousness of firmly seated power which would enable a Government, in the first place, to let such things be possible, and, in the second place, to meet them in a spirit of forbearance and patience. If what has been occurring at Toulouse, Bordeaux, Grenoble, and Rheims is a measure of the spirit or danger of insurrectionary influences in France, the conclusion would be even still more satisfactory. Contempts of themselves, they were yet tough, like the exploits in rowdism of our Fenians, to light up much mischief if the country were rife with inflammable materials. But tested, it is found that there was not only no bullet in the blunderbuss, but no powder. It has been all a flash in the pan.—Standard.

NOVA SCOTIA AND THE CANADIAN CONFEDERATION.

The question whether the price which Nova Scotia pays for what she gains by confederation is in excess of what the other provinces pay, is a fair subject of inquiry. But the argument on this point should be addressed, not to the Imperial Parliament, but to the Ottawa Legislature. The one tangible grievance in the petition from Nova Scotia is that respecting the arbitrary increase of the duties on imports. Nova Scotia, as a maritime State, may reasonably protest against her commerce being taxed for the support of Canadian industry. But if the Ottawa Government is able to show, as no doubt it can, that the tariff is framed, not for protection, but for revenue; that it is necessary that the custom-house should furnish the larger portion of the income of the dominion; that it is inevitable that great public works should be undertaken for the joint benefit of all the colonies, not only for defence, but for the extension of commerce, one does not see how the Imperial Government can interfere so long as the taxes are lawfully imposed by the authority of the local parliament. That which is to the present detriment of the people of Nova Scotia may be for the general good of the colonies, and we are bound not to consider one party in the union more than another.—Standard.

CONVICTIONS FOR SELLING UNSOUND MEAT.—At the Leeds Town Hall, on Wednesday, a summons was heard, at the instance of the town council, against Joseph Ellis and Benjamin Stockwell, butchers, of Holbeck, under the Nuisance Removal Amendment Act of 1863, one being charged with selling, and the other with having on his premises, a quantity of unsound meat, intended for human food. The town clerk appeared in support of the informations, and called Mr. Hardcastle, the meat inspector for the borough: Mr. Bywater, a person who purchased a portion of the unsound meat from Ellis; and Dr. Robinson, the officer of health, who stated that the meat was unfit for food. In defence it was contended that the meat was not unfit for food; but the magistrates inflicted a penalty of 20s. and costs in each case, stating as their reason for mitigating the fine that the defendants had been in business for many years, and never been charged before with a similar offence.

THE death is announced of Baron de Gruben, Marshal of the Court of Sax-Coburg-Gotha. His Excellency accompanied Prince Albert to England when the future Prince Consort was first presented to the Princess Victoria.

THE GARDEN.

HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

MAKE a succession of, and indeed a final sowing of sweet peas. These sown now will in all probability last until the frosts of winter come to destroy them. Transplant out all further pink carnations, pinks, and the like, which yet remain to be done; already it is over late for much chance of a successful blooming. Plant out also ten-week and other stocks, as soon as fitting opportunities occur—the plants having been duly hardened off. Sow seeds of biennials of whatever sort it may be necessary to grow. Conclude the layering of Portugal and common laurels, phillyreas, laurustinus, Ghent azaleas, Daphne carolina, and all plants needing to be propagated in this manner; and finish off all necessary work connected with shrubberies, such as digging, &c., without further delay.

HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Newly-planted trees should be well watered occasionally, should dry weather continue. Match those not already done by placing partly decomposed manure around the holes and immediately over the roots. Give strawberry plantations a good hoeing, moving the soil pretty freely between the rows in order to admit air and superficial waterings. Manure water plentifully applied to them now and onwards for some time to come will prove of vast benefit, in the way of the attainment of a good crop.

KITCHEN GARDEN.

Earth up early potatoes as they appear through the ground. Draw the soil well up to and slightly over the tops, for the purpose of protecting them from frosts. Make the last sowing of Brussels sprouts. Also occasional sowings of broccoli—Miller's late white especially—savoy, &c. Make fresh mushroom beds for a crop for summer use. A cool place will be found best for this purpose, and where the least fluctuations of temperature are likely to be experienced. Give cauliflowers a good flooding with strong liquid manure. Put on capsicums, chilis, and tomatoes; the two former will need a maximum warmth to grow them on successfully. Tomatoes should only be placed in small pots: they should at once be both stunted and gradually hardened off—processes which will secure greater fruitfulness. Continue the preparation—by fermentation until sweet—of all comestible stable litter, leaves, &c. This will be wanted for "ridges," both for cucumbers and vegetable marrows, as soon as the weather will admit of their being planted out with any degree of success, under hand-lights, &c. Do not allow rest to the hoe or the ground whilst any symptoms of weeds exist. If these are not well kept down now, little hope need be entertained of a successful summer campaign.—*W. E. in the Gardener's Chronicle.*

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.

THE opening day of the first meeting of the year at headquarters has rarely been remarkable for a large attendance, and the company on the heath was very small, and mainly made up of professional bettors. The weather was far from attractive, for cold, strong east winds prevailed, and only at times was the sky bright and clear. Many of those who made the journey from London on Sunday were in the Subscription Room, and the Two Thousand was early brought on the tape, Rosierouan and Pace being in much better odor for this than they were at the Victoria Club on Saturday. About Sir Joseph's colt 7 to 2 to 500 was accepted, and 12 to 1 was taken about Pace after 19 "ponies" had been booked. 100 to 7 was readily offered about Reconstitution, and the only other candidate for the Rowley Mile Race backed was Green Sieve at 10 to 1, the odds named being taken to a "pony." At the same time 50 to 40 was laid against the King's Colours filly going to the post, and subsequently an even ten pounds was accepted about her starting. Rosierouan was favourite at 15 to 2 for the Derby, for which twelve "ponies" were taken about Speculation, the price being asked for £100. The Chester Cap was hardly mentioned, and the only transaction was 15 to 1 about Bracken to a small amount. Blue Gown had not arrived, and a rumour obtained credence that he had broken down, but no reliable information on this point was received, and his arrival was hourly expected. The races in which Lady Coventry and Reconstitution were engaged were the most important on the card, and the time set for commencing was half-past one, the Craven Stakes being the opening item. For this the numbers of the three entered, Knight of the Garter, Lady Coventry, and Sister to Maid Marian, were placed upon the telegraph board, and some heavy speculation took place with regard to the two first-named, as much as 6 to 4 being laid on the Knight. After a time, however, the number of the latter was taken down, a proceeding by no means palatable to the bookmakers, who were placed in the unpleasant position of not being able to "draw" over the Knight, while they would be called upon to pay the heavy sums laid against Lady Coventry in the event of her almost certain victory. To them the dilemma was a serious one, and a few of the leading operators tried to avert it by an application to Mr. Savile, requesting that gentleman to withdraw Sister to Maid Marian, so as to render the race null and void. Mr. Savile, understanding the hardship of the case, immediately dispatched Grimshaw to the post, with instructions to his jockey not to start, but Jemmy did not arrive until the flag had fallen, and the worst fears of the bookmakers were realized, as Lady Coventry, upon whom very long odds were laid at last, won without difficulty. Before the race an arrangement was come to by Captain Macbell and the Duke of Newcastle (the part owner of Lady Coventry) to divide the stakes, and it was agreed to toss and settle which of the two equine celebrities should do battle for the two interests. Captain Macbell won, and labouring under a misunderstanding, gave orders to Custance to get ready for the Knight, who, we presume, was the one intended to be kept out of the fray. After the race, the layers were naturally much annoyed at the whole proceedings, and for his share in them Captain Macbell will probably be called upon by the Jockey Club to pay a fine of £50. Silenus followed up the triumph of his stable companion by carrying off the Free Handicap on the Bratby Stakes Course, and with regard to this matter was not mended by the extension of the time for the declaration of the acceptances to Monday evening, as only half a dozen were left in. With Puff Lord Westmoreland's filly made a better fight for the £50 match than might have been expected, considering the jump of weight she was giving. The winner was a very warm favourite, and Reconstitution had a strong call of Moseley (the newly-named Brother to Knight of the Crescent) for the Rowley Mile Sweepstakes, though he did not go down with many of the talent. Before the race 100 to 6 was offered against him for the double event—the contest he was about to take part in and the Two Thousand—and he cut such a moderate show behind Mr. Crawford's colt that 1,000 to 6 was subsequently offered against him for the Derby, while good odds were obtainable about him for his coming First Spring engagement. At the same time 100 to 8 was the highest offer against Moseley for the Guineas, and a rather favourable impression was created by the performance of the latter. Before the next event was brought to an issue 2,000 to 60 was laid against St. Roman (with a run) for the Two Thousand, and the same animal was supported for the Derby at 3,000 to 45. Dick Turpin, not backed for a shilling, won the Ditch Mile Handicap from a large field, and the match was a good thing for the admiral's representative, who was purchased at the sale of the late Lord Exeter's horses last July for 120 guineas. For the T.Y.C. Plate there were 17 starters, and this fell to one of the least fancied—Adamantia, while the winner of the concluding race, which brought out all the dozen entered, went also to a rank outsider.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE great artistic event of last week was the performance of fragments from "Dante," an opera written by the Duke de Massa. It came off at the Conservatoire, and, as I sat listening to the music, it occurred to me what a strange idea it was to set Dante to music—to sing recitatives, duets, and cavatas of Paradise, Purgatory, and the infernal regions, and to mix a ballet up with them all!

The Duke de Massa is looked upon here as a man of taste, and possessing a certain amount of talent; but in this instance he has attempted the impossible, consequently the result is a failure—a mass of fragments which he will never be able to work up to a satisfactory whole.

On the evening I allude to "Dante" was regarded as heavy, and too severe in parts. M. Faure and Mlle. Nilsson did their best with their admirable organs, and were applauded, the lady especially in the "sonnet"—which, by the way, is a charming melody.

The sale at the Conservatoire was worth going to see had there been no music to hear. Invitations alone admitted you; money on this occasion had no power. The cards of invitation were very aristocratic, they bore the duke's initials, and in the same envelope there was a daintily got-up programme of the evening's entertainment.

Mlle. Nilsson wore a white silk dress bouillonné with white tulle, and a white satin tunic trimmed with pearls. No doubt the fair Swede was suffering from cold, for she retained a cloak over her shoulders almost the entire evening. I remarked two exceedingly pretty toilettes at the concert. The first was a shot pink and white silk dress. The skirt was bordered with a Marie Antoinette flounce, ruffled at the top and bottom with white tulle, pinked out at the edges. The skirt was gathered in paniers at the sides, and trimmed with pink and white bows to match; a Marie Antoinette fichu made of folds of white tulle, ruffled with pink and white silk; a pink bow at the back, and bows on each of the ends; a rose without leaves in the centre of the bodice, and another forming an aigrette in the hair, completing the costume. It proved a most becoming toilette to the wearer, who was a brunette with a clear, pale complexion.

The second toilette was à la Watteau; the white silk skirt was caught up with three plaits at the back, and trimmed with ruffles à la vieillesse; at the sides it was fastened over a white tulle petticoat by brilliant large Dutch roses; the bouillonnés of tulle were separated by garlands of these red roses and buds. The sleeves were made with ruffles, and the bodice, cut very low and square in front, was filled up with white lace, sewn in the inside. A Pompadour necklace, composed of a ruche of cerise satin and blonde, with a rose in the centre; the heart of the flower was a brilliant. The hair was powdered with gold, and the hairdress was a pouf of cerise satin with rosebuds and a diamond aigrette. Mme. Pontalba also wore a hairdress similar to that of a Court lady in the eighteenth century. It consisted of five large shaded roses as a coronet. She reminded me somewhat, as she entered the rooms, of Mme. de Lamballe's celebrated portrait.

An excellent concert was given on Thursday last at the Sorbonne for the benefit of the charitable institution known as "L'Œuvre des Crèches Sts. Genevieve." Mlle. Marie Rose, looking exceedingly pretty in a white tulle dress looped up with white satin bows, sang the "Berceuse de l'Ouvrière," composed for the event. Her talent and beauty served the cause of the poor well on this occasion, for she managed to collect 4,000*fr.* after the entertainment was over.

At the Vincennes races, on Sunday last, there was nothing very spring-like to be seen. The wind was too cold for light new attire; velvet costumes, looped up over either blue or green silk petticoats, bordered with a double flounce, were more general than anything else. The only spring toilette I remarked was exceedingly stylish. It consisted of double twilled foulard, of the peculiar shade of brown called tea colour; the petticoat was trimmed with two rows of black velvet vandykes; the redingote had revers and buttons of black velvet; the edges of the sash were cut out in vandykes, and bound with black velvet. A tea-coloured crepe bonnet, ornamented with a tea rose and black velvet leaves. The effect was very ladylike.

The Drawing-room held by Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace has been the subject of much conversation in Paris. Several of the toilettes worn on the occasion were made here, and among those that came more especially under my notice were the ones worn by the daughters of the Marchioness of Salisbury and of the Countess of Fife. Mme. Elise executed her task well, for the toilette she composed for Lady A. Duff was exceedingly elegant and tasteful. It consisted of a white satin petticoat bouillonné, and a train of the same material likewise bouillonné, and bordered with a delicate embroidery of silver leaves. The train was fringed with pearls, and between the bouillonnés there were chains of pearls arranged in an unstudied manner, producing the effect of having been thrown there carelessly. The bodice was in a different style from what is generally worn; the lower part was bouillonné, with perpendicular flutes of silver leaves; the upper part was white satin, with revers fringed with pearls. A silver wreath and pearl ornaments completed the debutante's Court dress.

The Longchamp, made of faille, the colour called "Siam green"—a clear light shade. The immense train is looped up in a novel manner; in front a cross piece of faille to match, vandyked at the edge and fringed with tassels, headed by network, describes a square apron on the skirt; at the back a similar ornament is repeated, and when the skirt is looped up it is fastened in this ornament; two sash ends, likewise vandyked and fringed, hold up the skirt at the sides. These ornaments are lined with white silk, and the lining is visible when the skirt is looped up. A green silk petticoat is worn under the dress.

LONDON MILK.—The condition of the milk supplied to the inhabitants of London has been investigated by the *British Medical Journal*, and a second report upon it appears this week. According to the data furnished by a series of chemical analyses by Dr. Diver, F.R.S., it seems that out of 16 samples of milk, purchased in Bayswater, Kensington, and Holborn districts, only one proved to be in its original state, all the others being more or less watered and deprived of cream. One specimen, for example, proved to be nearly half water; another to have lost more than half its cream, besides being diluted with water. A charge of five-pence per quart for two of the samples was found to be no guarantee to customers willing to pay the extra penny that they can assure to themselves by so doing a supply of pure milk. Indeed the fact that milks charged five-pence per quart, examined on this and the first report, turned out to be adulterated, and that the two samples reported on—one now and one on the previous occasion—which were shown to be genuine, were sold at four-pence per quart, seem conclusively to show that adulteration and deterioration in the milk trade is not to be accounted for by any undue lack of profit on the legitimate article. On the sale of the same quantity of the milk, we are told that the profits of the dishonest salesman are sometimes quadruple those of the honest one. The *British Medical Journal* expresses the hope that the public—who, be it known, can have milk tested by the public analysts, under the Food Adulteration Act for half-a-crown—will so far study their interests as to occasionally take the trouble to ascertain that pure milk is supplied to them.

WHY IS SINGLE LIFE BECOMING MORE GENERAL?

To commence housekeeping at the present day is no light affair. Let the young couple be willing to start modestly and live economically, yet they must have the necessities and the decencies of life. They must have furnace and range, hot and cold water, marble mantelpieces and wash basins, a gas and carpets, silver table services, and pictures on the wall. They must have servants to cook and do the housework; for in the costly course of study in which Jennie has passed her life hitherto no instruction or practice in these branches was given. Then the children must not grow up in ignorance. They must have a good education. They must remain in school the whole year round or be put down in their classes. The sons must be sent to college, and the daughters go to a seminary or private school till twenty, "to be finished." Their children must be dressed well, so as not to be put to shame among their schoolmates. The need of married life so much less, the burdens attendant on it so much heavier, so many more things to be crowded out by it—here is ample explanation of the increasing number of men and women who are disinclined to try its risks.

The widening and heightening of men's and women's tastes have acted in another way to increase the number of those who remain single. As in the process of civilisation man's desires grow faster than his productive power, so it is the action of education to develop the sensibility and the critical faculty more than character or executive ability. By the diffusion of a finer culture throughout the community men and women can less easily find any one whom they are willing to take as a partner for life; their requirements are more exacting; their standards of excellence higher; they are less able to find any who can satisfy their own ideal, and less able to satisfy any one else's ideal. Men and women have, too, a livelier sense of the serious and sacred character of the marriage union and of the high motives from which alone it should be formed. They are less willing to contract it from any lower motives. These tendencies have been intensified and exaggerated by the universal novel. Little Jennie must have in her John the piercing intellect, the dauntless courage, and the noble soul of Etracourt. If John does not possess them, he cannot satisfy the wants of Jennie's heart. If John does not grow pale with throes of passion and gush his love in tides of broken rhetoric, he cannot feel real love for her; and if she herself does not thrill in John's presence and pine in his absence, and experience all the ecstasies of emotion which Lillian Home does for her beloved, John cannot be her destined soul-half; and so, though Jennie likes John much better than any other of the other fellows, she tells him, with a little sigh, "We must be only friends, you know."

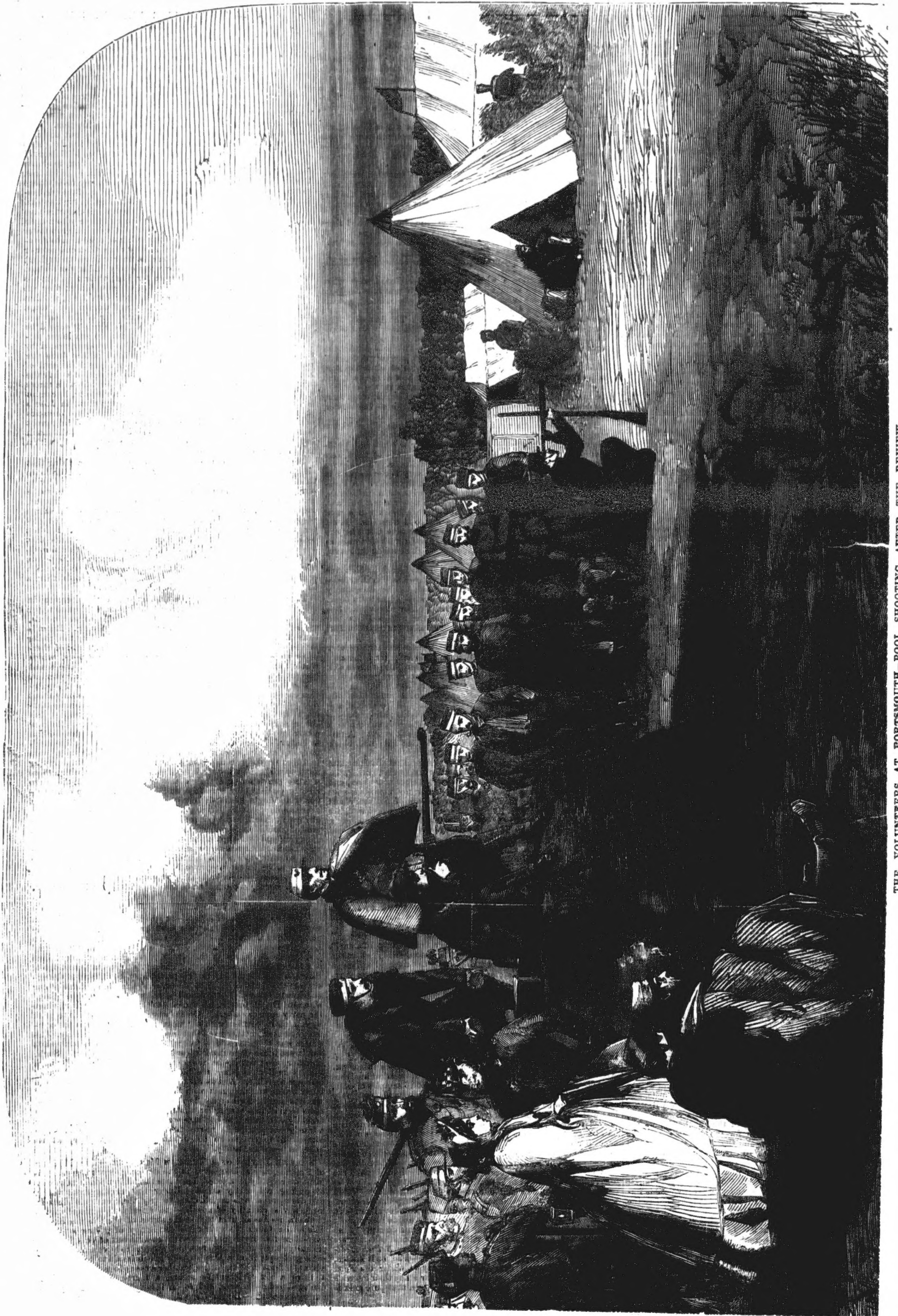
Is this decrease in the frequency of marriage a thing that should excite alarm and lamentation? We think not. Nor do we think it calls, either, for strenuous preaching up of matrimony to our young folks. Is not this prudent hesitation more to be praised than the precipitancy with which thoughtless, ignorant, inexperienced, poverty-stricken children rush into the sacred responsibilities of parents? It is not the number but the character of its people that determines the worth of a country. It is not by increasing the quantity but the quality of its inhabitants that the world is benefited. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay." Why? Simply because fifty Europeans are worth more than a thousand Cathayans; because it is better to have in a country fifty educated, accomplished, and cultured people than a thousand ignorant, brutish and vicious.

There is another advantage attendant upon the decrease in marriage. This decrease is found chiefly in the middle and upper classes. It does not reach the poor, for its causes, as we can see, are advanced culture, refinement, and style of living. Room is thus made in the upper ranks of society to be filled by the rising into it of the best members of the lower ranks, instead of there being an overplus among the upper and middle classes, which would be necessarily crowded down among the poor. The social current is thus made an ascending instead of a descending current.

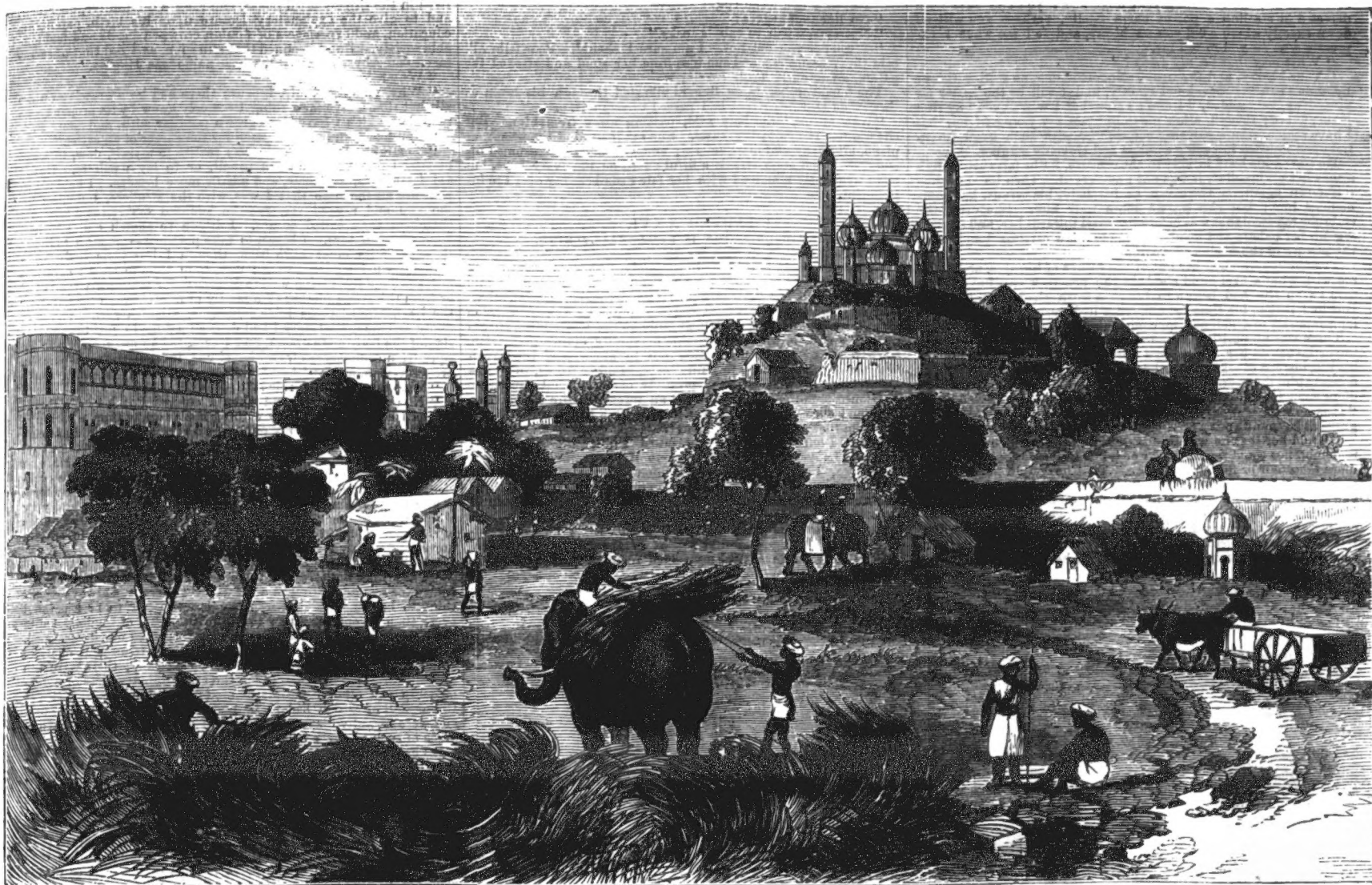
The social philosophers are now perturbed at the loss of population caused by the infrequency of marriage. But it is only about fifty years ago when they were all terribly frightened because marriage was so frequent, and population was increasing so fast that the means of subsistence could not keep pace with it. The new comer into the world, they feared, would soon find no place for him at Nature's board, and room would have to be cleared by the small-pox, the cholera, or some other raging epidemic. The poor were told that they were committing a wrong against society in marrying as they did and bringing into the world mouths for which there was no provision, and that if they would not reform they were rightly punished by hardships and starvation. The present tendency to single life is the corrective that is preventing any such catastrophe. It is the easy and gentle check of Nature that is always at hand, and spontaneously interposes whenever an overplus of population commences to be felt. As the alarm of too much marrying and over-population was groundless, as Nature found an easy and gentle remedy for that tendency before it became excessive, so with this alarm and this tendency. We may trust the planets to be in the proper path of their orbit, however they may seem to veer this way and that, and we may trust Nature herself to know her right course and be always in it.—*New York Nation.*

MISHAPS OF DR. M'LEOD.—A correspondent of an Indian paper sends the following account of the Rev. Dr. M'Leod's departure from Calcutta:—"The Rev. Dr. M'Leod, who left with Lady Lawrence in the *Feroze*, did not quit India's coral strand," i. e. the muddy banks of the Hooghly, without a parting mishap of a rather ludicrous character. The rev. gentleman is not one of Pharoah's lean kins, and to this partly may be attributed the adventure that befel him. The doctor was the guest of one of our merchants, the son of a reverend gentleman of the same 'jhat,' who sent Dr. M'Leod in his carriage to the P. and O. wharf where the party were to embark. On the way the carriage came to grief by coming in contact with a 'ticca garry.' This was the commencement of another proof that misfortunes come not singly. The doctor was transferred to a 'ticca,' and expected this makeshift would see him safe to the Peninsular and Oriental wharf. Such, however, was not to be the case. The construction of 'ticca garies' in Bengal is not the highest work of art in the way of carriage building. And as the doctor stepped upon the step the latter broke, and the great man fell to the ground. This of itself was not much, for happily he was not hurt. But his 'breaks' came to grief in a very unfortunate style, that left the doctor less decently clad than if he had appeared in his native kilt. He made a timely and precipitate retreat into a friendly house, and made himself fit to proceed on board and pursue his voyage, let us hope, in peace and safety."

SHREWD DEVISE OF A TURKISH MINISTER.—The Minister of Finance, whose brusquerie to the dunning workmen at the Mint we recently mentioned, has since then hit upon a new way of paying old salary debts. Under the arrangement which permits merchants in certain cases to pay their customs' dues in kind, a vast quantity of unsold—and unsaleable—miscellaneous merchandise has accumulated in the stores of the Custom House. The brilliant idea has struck his excellency of giving orders to over-clamorous employes for payment in kind out of this fiscal old curiosity shop—an inspiration which appears to have already led to some grotesque results. One bachelor kiatib is said to have received a box of infants' feeding bottles, another a case of obsolete crinolines, a third a box of Rimmel's scents, a fourth a bale of ladies' damaged under-clothing, and so on through a list of nearly fifty during the week.—*Levant Herald.*



THE VOLUNTEERS AT PORTSMOUTH-POL SHOOTING AFTER THE REVIEW.



TOMB AND MOSQUE OF ASOPHUD DOWLAH, AT LUCKNOW.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXV.—(CONTINUED.)

"THERE, there," the Viscountess said; and a magic kindness seemed suddenly infused into her voice and manner. "You could not help peeping at the picture; could you, silly boy?"

She could not have been more than eighteen, this Enchantress, and he was twenty-five; yet she called him silly boy. She might have called him Caliban, so she spoke him kindly, he thought.

"Sit down here," the lady continued; "I want to have a long talk to you."

She sank right royally on to a luxurious divan as she spoke, and pointed as royally to a seat immediately beside her. So close was the seat that her drapery touched him, and he felt the presence of her perfumed breath, the wind from the waving of her golden hair playing on his hot cheek.

"Your name is Philip Leslie. You need not start or look amazed; if you will sign your pictures 'Philip Leslie, Liverpool, 1835,' and afterwards offer them for sale, you must expect your name to be known."

"Your Ladyship has stated my name correctly," was all the Painter could make answer.

"But it was not thus my Ladyship first became acquainted with your name," his fair interlocutor went on; "though I confess that had I not seen your signature to the picture you brought to that man in Wardour Street, I might never have known that the poor artist I saw at dusk yesterday evening was the person of whom I was in quest; yes, of whom I was in quest," she repeated, watching the expression of astonishment in the painter's countenance.

"You came from Liverpool," she continued. "One need be no conjurer to know that; but you fell in love there."

"I, my lady!"

"Yes, I, my lady. I, my lady, fell desperately in love with a little black-eyed Spanish dancing-girl at some place with an atrocious name, which I forget. I, my lady, was following her home one night, as I, my lady, had been in the habit of doing night after night, like a brave and loyal young fellow—so, at least, the little dancing-girl thought—to see that she came to no harm."

"It is true," the perplexed painter acquiesced.

"Then I—then you, rather," Lady Baddington resumed, referring to a little mite of a volume of ivory tablets, bound in violet, velvet, and gold, "met and followed—he too was following your little dancing-girl—a conjuring man—Professor somebody or something. This fellow, who ought to have been thrown into the river—if there be a river at Liverpool—you saved from being stabbed with a knife, wielded by the girl's uncle, an old Spaniard. Was not the uncle's name something like Harispe?"

"It was—it was his very name; but how, may I ask, Madam, did your Ladyship—"

"There my conjuring ends," the lady said, shutting the golden clasp of the tablet with a provoking snap of the metal, and a more provoking smile playing over her own red lips. "What has become of you ever since, and what you have been doing from the time you were born till the evening you saved the Professor from the poniard, I know no more than that I met you yesterday evening in the Wardour Street curiosity-shop. It was to learn this that I sent for you this morning. Why were you not punctual to your appointment?"

As far as this last query she had spoken with a delightful kindness, with a soft frankness, with a cheery, encouraging manner, that had filled Philip's heart with strange but blissful emotions. But in the inquiry, "Why were you not punctual to your ap-

pointment?" she was the old scornful lady again; and her words froze his new-born flow of spirits. He blushed, stammered, prevaricated, and became a helpless object.

Heaven assuage us! What shamefaced, awkward, ungraceful bunglers, are the majority of us, talking to a pretty woman! What can there be in the eyes, the rosy lips, and the yards of skirts and flounces; the wave of a little hand, the tap of a tiny foot, to cast all our self-possession adrift, dissolve our stern resolutions into dry leaves, to be tossed about by a November wind of trouble? Is a woman a divinity, that we should tremble as we adore her? Is she a Gorgon, that she should turn us to stone? Is she a Circe, that she can make us even as swine in stupidity? What spell can there be in the eyes, the lips, the skirt, the flounces, the hand, and the foot, that can make a little school-girl of sixteen, only just emancipated from pinafores, filled trousers, and bread and butter, stronger and wiser, and shrewder in her way than a Richelieu or a Lauzun, a veteran diplomatist, or a stern warrior? How brave we men can be among our fellow-men, coolly trotting our Lily or Caroline, as though she were Blinkbonny, the race-horse, and expatiating knowingly on her points and paces; how steeled we are against Emily's wiles; how laughingly alive to Lucy's pretty hypocrites and charming treachery! We are not to be vanquished; we are not to be deceived. Oh, no! But once get us into a drawing-room, the fourth seat of a carriage, the vacant chair in a private box at the play, and lo! the ingenious Candida will wind the astute Ulysses round her finger, and tough General Hercules falls down straightway at Omphale's feet, and holds silken cat's cradles for her to unwind.

"Do you know," continued Lady Baddington, with a slight symptom of return towards kindness, but still with a sufficient infusion of scornful bitterness in her manner to make the painter miserable; "do you know that I was very nearly sending you away from the door this morning for that very want of punctuality? I hate a man who has no energy, no purpose, no decision of character, no WILL," she added.

But added, with such a wild vehemence of tone, with a flashing of the eye and a curving of the lip, and a throwing out of her round white arm—she was in a muslin deshabille—that, raising his eyes to her face, Philip thought he saw the very counterpart of the diademed woman with the goblet.

"Are you a stock or a stone," she continued, sweeping round to him and fixing him with her keen eyes, "that you have nothing to say for yourself, but sit there blushing and shaking like a school-boy? Are you accustomed to have taunts thrown at your head, that you can bear them so meekly as this? That brown-faced dancing-girl of yours can find her tongue readily enough."

There was this, and so much in Philip at this very moment, that he rose up, and said it manfully:

"I have only this to remark, my lady," he said, very firmly and respectfully, "that I am a very poor, obscure, friendless man. I painted a picture, which I presume your Ladyship, being a lover of art, entertained some notion of purchasing. I know the performance is slight, and its execution is, I daresay, very inferior. But I suppose your Ladyship thought there might be something in it, or you would not have been kind enough to advance me two sovereigns upon it last night. Of the manner in which that money was advanced, I have no more to say, save that I would much rather have had a limb cut off than have taken it, and that I would sacrifice two to be able to give it back now. With regard to my want of punctuality, I bitterly regret it; and if by it I have lost your Ladyship's patronage, I only hope that you will allow me to leave my picture with you as a security, and to assure you on my solemn word of honour that, within four-and-twenty hours, I will either bring you back your money, or throw myself over one of the bridges."

He was astonished [at the length of his own speech, but was

not frightened now, and stood looking on the Viscountess proudly.

"A coward's alternative—money or suicide," was the observation of that noble lady. "Have you anything else to say?"

"Very little, save to express my earnest and respectful desire that you will allow me to quit this house as quickly as ever I can, as I don't want to go mad, to bring about which consummation seems to be your own particular desire."

He felt, as he uttered these bold words, that he had cut away the anchor of hope, and that his barque was drifting towards irremediable shipwreck. But it was too late to retract, and he moved towards the door, still keeping his eyes on his tormentor.

Was the woman mad? or if sane, why was she so inexplicably capricious. She sprang past him with a movement as swiftly tortuous as that of a lizard, held the tapestry behind her with her little hands, and barring his passage, looked in his face with laughing eyes.

"Not so fast, not so fast, Mr. Philip Leslie," she cried, in a mocking but not an unkind voice. "I want to hear a great deal more about you before you leave this room. Pray, would you like my husband to come in here, and find me keeping a gentleman in my boudoir by main force? Haven't you heard that Lord Baddington is dreadfully jealous? Besides," she concluded, "I don't allow persons who quarrel with me to leave me in this manner. When they offend me I ring the bell, and have them turned out by my footman."

She saw, perhaps—the mischievous child! she was but a child, she could not have been more than eighteen—that she had gone too far again. One little hand released its hold on the tapestry behind her. She held it forward, first coquettishly inspecting it herself, as though to institute a comparison between its blanched brightness and the heavy gemmed rings that studded her fingers. Then she held it forth to the painter amicably.

Was Philip mad himself now? What possessed him? What could have dared him to the rash attempt—the rash commission? But he could not help it. He could not have helped it had the headman of Munich stood behind him with that terrible double-handed sword, whose blade is hollow and loaded with quicksilver, ready to smite off his head the moment afterwards. He stooped and kissed the lily hand.

"There now, we are friends," the lady said smilingly, withdrawing her hand, and not, seemingly, much displeased. "What a strange creature you must think me. What do you think of me?"

"That you are an angel."

"Sir!"

And there was the old cold look again. But simulated, Philip—perhaps conceitedly—thought, and with no real anger in it. I retract, on reflection, even the hesitating "perhaps," and boldly assume that she was not offended. Leonardo da Vinci, painter, sculptor, architect, chemist, poet, philosopher, mechanic, and astronomer, lays it down in one of his axioms that no woman—ugly even though she be to the verge of monstrosity—can pass through life without having at least one admirer. I take it as another maxim, as trite as true, that no woman,

"Be she fairer than the day,
Or the early meads in May,"

be she as magnificent as Cleopatra, as proud as Zenobia, or as rough as Christina, who murdered Monaldeschi, can be really offended—however she may pretend to be so—at a compliment whose spontaneity seems to argue its sincerity. They can no more help a gratified smile at a compliment to their beauty, than a dog can help licking his lips after swallowing a pound of butter. Both are so nice, and slip down so easily. But neither compliment nor butter will prevent either Beauty or the Beast from biting you immediately after the nice flavour has departed, and biting you, too, till their sharp, shining teeth meet in your favourite calf.

"Now, Sir," resumed the Viscountess, "when you have done

staring at me, and twiddling your fingers as if you had just been detected in stealing a pot of currant-jelly, perhaps you will sit down exactly where I bid you sit before, and tell me what I expressly sent for you to tell me."

"What may that be, my Lady?"

"Your history, and the truth. No romancing, no calling things by wrong names. Speak out plainly, and it will be the better for you. Nay," she added, "I don't know that I won't even buy that little picture; though, allow me to tell you, my young friend, that I have seldom seen a painting commenced with such good intentions and finished in such a careless and slovenly manner."

He bowed his head meekly to the censure, for he felt that though somewhat unqualified, it was not undeserved. Then he sat himself down again on the divan, as his lady, his tyrant, had commanded him; but she sat no more near him. She drew the embroidered stool that was before her easel towards her, and snatching up her palette and maulstick, made a few careless touches on the picture of the diademed woman.

The painter watched her out of the corner of his eyes, and could see with what a firm hand she held the pencil, with what a broad firm sweep she had begun to lay in a fresh shadow on the face. But he felt that his time for diffidence had ceased, and bidding a long farewell to diffidence, he commenced his tale.

There was no positive reason why he should do so. Was it not impudence on her Ladyship's part to ask him for an account of his life, instead of asking him the price of his picture, and, paying it down to him there, and let him go? He felt in the ridiculous position of an actor in a drama commencing an explanatory speech with, "It is now some twenty-five years since—" but he took heart of grace at last, and spoke.

He told her that he was twenty-five years of age, and that his remembrance could recede to a time when he could not have been more than four or five years of age. That he could remember his mother, a tall handsome woman, who often used to cry over him, and tell him that he was the image of his father, who (she said) was fair, and had blue eyes. In his early youth, he said, they, mother and son, appeared to live in affluence, but not in comfort. His mother was violent, passionate, often cruel, and always perverse to him—fearing to chide him when he deserved it, treating

"Not so much as an egg."

"No linen off hedges?"

"Not even a pair of baby's socks."

"I wonder you did not. I am sure I should. Poor fellow!" said the Viscountess, and she rose from her stool and stroked the painter's fair curly head.

The touch of her taper fingers vibrated through his brain as though an electric current had passed through it.

"Now go on," the lady said, passing away from him. But she did not return to her easel. She sat instead at the wondrous piano, all ebony and marqueterie; and as the painter resumed his story, ever and anon struck a fateful chord on the ivory keys, but more frequently remained with her fair head bending over the instrument.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LADY BADDINGTON IS REMARKABLY KIND.

THE PAINTER WENT ON WITH HIS STORY.

He told the lady that he had ultimately abandoned the gipsies, in consequence of a slight misunderstanding with a certain "Romany chaf" of decidedly predatory propensities, who, whatever may have been his real cognomen among the children of Egypt, was known to the world at large as the "Nimbling Blacksmith," and who, with an incurable perversity of low pretension, not understanding, or pretending not to understand the unwillingness of young Philip to "nim"—or, in other words, to steal—a pony with a swish-tail, the property of a reverend gentleman in Gloucestershire, had manifested an intense desire to make an abnormal eyelet-hole in his waistcoat with a long knife. So he fled from those dark tents of Kedar.

"After I left the gipsies," continued Philip, "I can scarcely tell your Ladyship how I managed to live. It must have been something, I fancy, after the fashion of the young ravens, only the worms came in very slowly and in very small quantities. I think I hawked tracts and cheap novels for some weeks, and I am certain I earned a precarious livelihood for some time by reciting 'My name is Norval,' 'Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,' and similar scraps of the 'Enfield-Speaker' description, the remnants of my school reading, in the parlours of

lived in the three-storied house, and rang a diminutive, door-bell, and to give the explanatory lecture upon his birth, parentage, education, and experiences of foreign crowned heads and fashionable society. But I declined that situation, as I did that of secretary to an Abyssinian giant, whose name was Jiggins."

"Why?"

"Why, your Ladyship, because there had been growing on me all that time a love for a thing I scarcely knew by its proper name then, but which I have since grown familiar with, and adore it."

"You had a strange education for the career of an artist."

"So strange that I can scarcely realise to myself, now, in what manner I first learnt to cut a pencil, or to lay a palette. But I did learn this, somehow, and a little more besides. I dabbled in painting all the time that I was with the strollers, touching up the vile and ragged smears—the haunted caverns and baronial chambers they called scenes. I began to sketch clumsily and lamely from nature. I began to take portraits—dreadful 'Guys' those portraits must have been, though I beg your Ladyship's pardon for using such a word: nay, from time to time I earned a few shillings from some village Mæcenas for taking his 'missis,' or from the proud mother of a family of five children for painting the likenesses of those little innocents, all of a row. The first really artistic opportunity I had determined me to quit the profession of the legitimate drama, and I accepted an engagement in an equestrian company—a travelling circus, indeed—as scene-painter, property-man, and assistant riding-master."

"Who taught you to ride?"

"No one, my Lady; and when I entered Poocherani's Royal Circus I had never ridden any thing more equine than a rocking-horse. It is true that my duties as a riding-master did not call for any very daring feats of equestrianism. I had merely to put on a braided coat, spurs, and a stripe of gold-lace to my trousers, and crack a long whip to the music of the band. These, with occasionally standing on the parapet of the circus to hold a hoop for a young lady to jump through, and exchanging a very old and very stupid witticism now and then with the clown, were all the duties of riding-mastership I had to perform. But I learnt to cross a horse, and with some success too, for all that."

"But your painting, your art, my young friend?"

"There does not seem, at the first glance, to be much opportunity for scene-painting in a circus; yet there was always something to be done. There was the circus itself to be repainted every time we entered a new town, for the kicks of the horses and the flying up of the sawdust very soon tarnished our decorations. Then there were 'properties' to be patched; triumphal chariots and banners to be emblazoned; and, especially, there were the huge pictorial placards describing the extraordinary feats of horsemanship and other countless attractions of Poocherani's Royal Circus—all of which had to be painted in the brightest colours, and were liberally displayed in front of our establishment. Hundreds of such placards have I painted in my time."

"They were better than your wife—the 'Cottage-door'—I hope."

"They were not better, saving your presence, Lady Baddington," the painter answered firmly, though modestly. "They were miserable daubs; but I learnt to do better."

"I am glad to hear it; go on."

"I have scarcely any thing more to tell; my life since then has been so devoid of interest to others, though so full of it to myself. It has been one arduous pursuit of art—under disadvantages, under difficulties, in poverty, in misery, in obscurity; but never, I hope, in disgrace. I have travelled all England, Ireland, and Scotland; now with a circus, now as regular scene-painter at a small country theatre, now as an itinerant portrait-painter. I have just managed to live, and that is all; and till I had the pleasure of meeting your Ladyship last night, I can conscientiously declare that I had not one single friend in the world."

He hesitated, stammered, blushed, and concluded, "I hope your Ladyship will pardon me for qualifying your notice and patronage by the name of friendship. But I am so solitary and so forlorn, that when a hand has been extended to me as yours has been, I cannot help fancying that it must be a friend's."

"I am not going to be angry," Lady Baddington said kindly, as she rose from her seat, and held forth her hand once more to the painter, who, exercising some discretion this time, contented himself with bowing over it respectfully. "But 'friend' is a dangerous term to use to persons such as I am. We can't afford to have friends in Mayfair, my young painter, any more than we have human breasts or human feelings. We have diamonds, ostrich feathers, and point-lace instead. But have you told me all your tale?"

"All, my lady."

"Hypocrite!" the lady exclaimed, with an irritation charmingly feigned, it was easy to see. "Where is the record to all the tender passions you have sighed and threatened to die about? Speak, Sir, how many? Let me have the list? How many, before you fell so desperately in love with that little brown-faced gipsy, Manuelita?"

"I fall in love with Manuelita!"

"Yes, in love with Manuelita; am I speaking Greek, that you don't or won't understand me?"

"I do not even know her personally, Lady Baddington. I have seen her very seldom."

"If you have seen her once, or five, or five hundred times, you are in love with the girl. Don't tell me a falsehood, or I shall be angry in right earnest."

"I certainly had a considerable respect, and I may say admiration, for her; but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, I have not seen her twenty times in my life, and I am confident that I have not interchanged words with her more than twice."

"If what you say be correct, Mr. Philip Leslie, and I will not do you the injustice to suspect that you are deceiving me, how comes it that this same Manuelita is to the full as deeply in love with you, as you, in all due and reciprocal gallantry, must be with her?"

"I do assure you, my Lady—"

"Assure me nothing!" cried the Viscountess, in a pretty pet, "and don't contradict me; or, on my word, I'll withdraw my patronage, or friendship, or whatever you may please to call it, and send you and your 'Cottage-door' packing. There is no harm in your loving this little brown-faced child; most romantic of artistic wanderers. You have nothing but your pencil to depend upon for a livelihood, she has nothing but her nimble feet, unless her crabbed old Spanish uncle forgive her for running away from him, which, from the character I heard of him, he is not likely to do."

"Manuelita run away!" ejaculated the painter. And lo! there passed swiftly before the eyes of his mind a vision of a dusty road, a yellow post-chaise, and sitting therein a figure in a mantilla, and by its side another of a man who had something like an undress uniform military cap on his head.

"You are positively the most provoking creature I ever met with," exclaimed the Viscountess impatiently; "you never give a direct answer to a question, and echo my observations like a parrot."

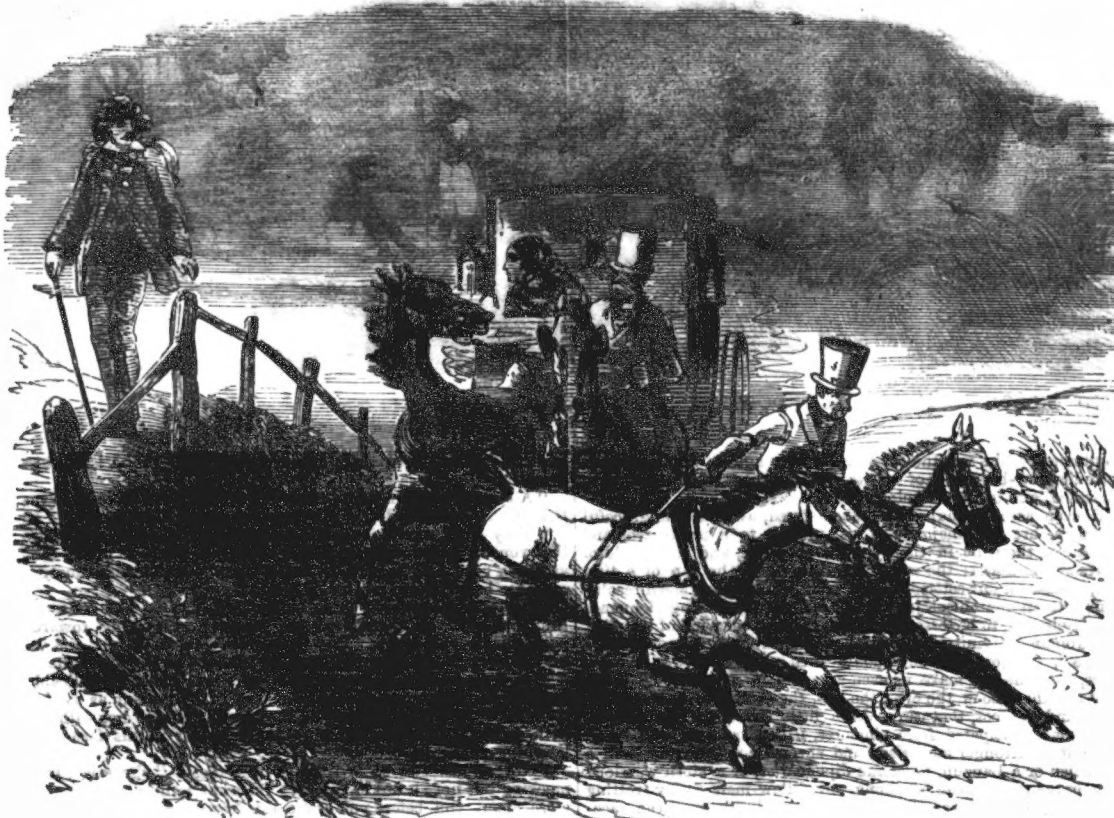
"I am very sorry—"

"You have no right to be very sorry, Sir; you have a right to be sensible."

"I should be glad to—"

"You are very glad, and you are very sorry. There, hold your tongue for goodness' sake, till you have reason to know whether you should be one or the other. Wait."

She said this not angrily, not haughtily; but, as she said it, an arch expression rippled on her lips. Then she opened a secret



THE ELOPEMENT OF MANUELITA.

him with absurd fondness when he least merited caresses, and with unreasonable severity when he was not amenable to blame. His mother had strange fits of hysteria, and stranger trances of deep, dead sleep. He admitted with a falter and a blush that his mother's maid had told him, when he was about seven, that "mamma got tipsy," and though he was ignorant of what the thing meant at the time, he had never forgotten, and grew afterwards to learn, with shame and horror, the real meaning of the words. He told her that he had visited with his mother, while still very young, both France and Italy, and in both countries had been for a short time at school, and that even after this lapse of years he yet retained some loose smattering of the two languages. When he was about ten years old, he said, he and his mother were living in Italy, at Florence, he thought; but there was another gentleman living with them then; a tall, strong, fierce gentleman, with long moustaches, who drank even more than mamma did, although he never seemed to get tipsy, and smoked large cigars all day long. This gentleman was called Major, and used to call him a little ragamuffin. He beat and ill-treated him in every possible way; and even his mother's affection seemed now entirely departed from him; and she was alternately utterly neglectful, or utterly barbarous to him. He admitted (with shame and regret of his own, this time) that when they came to England some time after this, and he was put to a cheap, mean, boarding-school, in a wild part of the West of England, near Dartmoor, and close to a deserted place which had once been a receptacle for French prisoners of war—a school where he was badly fed, badly treated, and scarcely taught at all—he ran away, far, far away over the wild country side; and whether his schoolmaster thought him so unremunerative a scholar as not to be worth pursuing, or whether he had failed in discovering his place of retreat, he never knew; but that he was never captured, that he had never heard from that day to this of schoolmaster, his mother, or the strange man who was called Major.

He lived for days, he said, on raw turnips and peas, like the fugitive Duke of Monmouth, after Sedgemoor, which he took from fields, and wild berries. He was on the verge of starvation, when he took up with some gipsies, rude, thievish, kind-hearted vagabonds, with whose blanket-tent, camp-kettle, donkey, and brown-faced children he travelled about for more than a year.

"Did you ever steal anything when you were a gipsy?" asked the Viscountess, turning round from her easel. She had not been painting anything for some minutes.

"Never, on my honour, Madam."

"Not a turkey, or a brace of fowls, now and then?"

wayside inns. But I am afraid I weary your Ladyship with such trivial details."

"You would weary my Ladyship much less," the Viscountess returned, impatiently stamping on the pianoforte pedal with her pretty foot "if you would go straight on with your story. Can't you see, silly fellow, how it interests me?"

"I am sure, my Lady, that I am delighted if—"

"There! don't be vain," and a warning finger was held up. "What an impulsive creature it is, to be sure! You are not to know, sir, or to inquire, why I am interested in the recital of your vagabond adventures; it is sufficient for you to know that I wish to hear them out; so, pray continue without further interruption."

"I was engaged—after hardships, too terrible, some of them, to be described—by a company of strolling players, who, with a portable theatre (if a few poles, planks, trencles, and rudely-daubed canvases, could be called by that name), and a portable stock of tinselled rags of dresses, went about from fair to fair. The manager took a fancy to my declamation of 'The Isles of Greece,' and 'Parrhasius,' and I received the munificent sum of five shillings per week for assisting in what was termed the 'outside patter'—that is, reciting on the platform before our proscenium, and acting as a foil to the deep bass voice of the principal tragedian. I am afraid that to beat a big drum occasionally, in the intervals of eloquence, also came within the terms of my engagement; and I am not ashamed to add that, possessing some personal agility—heavy and hairy grace, the manager called it—I not unfrequently performed the college hornpipe and the Highland fling, when 'Enfield's Speaker,' as it sometimes happened, was at a discount, and the pennies were slow in coming up the ladder."

"Were you ever a clown—that tumbling man with the paint on his face, who says droll things and picks pockets?" Lady Baddington asks.

"Never, my Lady. Yet I have been in the ring, for all that. After perhaps a year of 'outside patter,' I was pronounced to be a sufficiently 'bould speaker' to take a part in the performances in the interior of the booth. But I was not much of a favourite there. I believe my fellow performers disliked me because my h's were generally in the right place; and I am sure I was not popular with the audience, because I could not strike sparks enough from my opponent's broadsword in the terrific combats. I had plenty of offers, though, from other sources. The proprietor of one of the most favourite dwarfs in the United Kingdom discovered that I was exactly cut out—so soft-spoken was I, he said—to act as a guardian to the little abortion, who

door in the blue and silver hung wall—a door of whose existence Philip had never dreamt, as who could? so artfully concealed was it—and cried softly, "Come!"

And there came and stood on the sill of the secret door, a little trembling, blushing figure, a girl with a dark face and large black eyes, and this was Manuella, the niece of Juan Manuel Harispe.

(To be continued.)

LITERATURE.

"English Seamen and Divers." By Alphonso Esquiro. (Chapman and Hall.)

THE title which M. Esquiro has given to this new collection of studies scarcely does justice to the contents of his book, yet causes some disappointment to his readers. His former books on England were remarkable for the novelty of their point of view, and their happy treatment of subjects which had acquired an almost wearisome sameness in the hands of English authors.

If, however, M. Esquiro has scarcely caught the peculiarities of sailor life, he has done himself injustice in not giving us an inkling of the variety of his book. His several chapters describe the Greenwich Observatory, the Admiralty, the Coast-Guard Service; the port of London, with its docks and basins, its crimps and decoys; the life of sailors in the navy and in the interval between their being paid off and their being entered on the books again; Lloyd's, and their system of marine insurance; Woolwich Dockyard, and the training-ship for the homeless boys of London; diving-bells and diving. The programme is full and tempting. Every part of it has some connexion with the sea, for both Greenwich and Lloyd's materially influence the most distant regions, and grow against the Admiralty proceed from pole and tropics. When M. Esquiro writes of the London Docks, we feel that we are indeed in the company of the author of "The English at Home." His description of Greenwich Observatory has not those distinctive traits, but it does not stand in need of them. It might have been written by an observer of any nation, by an Englishman as by a foreigner. All that it demands is an eye, a mind, and a pen.

Perhaps there is one point in the system of the Observatory at Greenwich which strikes a Frenchman more than an Englishman. Certainly M. Esquiro, in alluding to it, pays a compliment to the "truly English strength of will" to which it bears witness. It is the self-denial with which Greenwich turns away from the fairy tales of science, and pursues strictly what is practical. The visitor to the Observatory, who is betrayed into poetry by the way in which a star is trapped by a series of threads, "like a bird of light caught in a cage," who expresses a natural wonder at a clock which marks half-past fifteen o'clock, and ten minutes past twenty, and comments with the same feeling on the gas-stove heated up to eighty degrees, in which chronometers are tested for the tropics, may well be startled at the firmness recorded in the following sentence:—

"About the year 1847, when Mr. Airy was Astronomer Royal, M. Lerebours offered to Greenwich Observatory the largest refracting telescope which had ever been constructed. The temptation was certainly a great one; it would have been flattering to the self-esteem of the institution to have possessed a wonder of this sort, unique as it was in the world. Mr. Airy need only have said the word, and the Lords of the Admiralty would assuredly have consented to make the purchase. But the astronomer, on the contrary, held the present aloof with a determined hand. What was it that he feared? The pernicious influence of such a siren, which, by concentrating attention on the beauties of the heavens, would, perhaps, have turned away the attention of the assistants from their daily task, and thus compromised the success of the Observatory."

We may regret that M. Esquiro was not allowed to go down in a diving-bell and explore the foundations of the Plymouth Breakwater, but we are thankful to him for his Whitstable experience. There he put on the india-rubber sack, the shoes with leaden soles, the leaden weights and the helmet, and descended to the abode of mermaids and oysters. The water was not very deep, some thirty feet, and he did not stay long, though he brought up a pebble to show that he had been to the bottom. But his sensations, as he describes them, were not pleasant. Although the sea was calm, he was beaten about and made giddy by the water dancing round his helmet; his temples seemed screwed in a vice, and a tempest roared in his ears; the atmosphere of the sea was like that of a November fog, a pale, doubtful twilight, and the india-rubber garment stuck as closely as if he had been sewn up in the skin of a marine monster. However, his own clothing was not wetted, and he had attained the end he had in view. Perhaps, if he had stayed longer, he too might have seen "the fish, attracted by the metallic glitter, come and swim round the head of the diver like a flight of small birds, and even imprint a kiss with their mouths on the outside of the helmet." But as this is the second time we have heard about a kiss being imprinted, we begin to suspect that M. Esquiro has not told us all his adventures. We will allow him to conceal his blushes, by turning to a very different kind of story, which he had from the mouth of a Prussian engineer:—

"He himself had been working for about an hour on the ocean of a shipwreck, when, by the fantastic light of the sea, he fancied that he perceived a sunken vessel at some distance off which he had not before remarked. He went forward to examine the unknown object, but it was in motion, and glided through the water without any visible movement, darting forth fearful glances, and shedding a kind of livid glimmer. There was no mistake this time; it was certainly a shark. M. Esquiro, with his companion, turned to seek refuge behind the shattered hull of the shipwrecked vessel. Their position was a critical one. Their friends, not receiving any signals from them, might at any moment hoist them up to the surface; this would have given a great advantage to the monster in attacking them; they therefore made up their minds to cut the rope. The creature came occasionally to watch them, glaring at them through the displaced planks of the ship. They fancied they could discover some signs of attachment in his cruel physiognomy; he certainly had never before met with anything in the sea of a similar appearance; his surprise was not to be wondered at. The two divers had made every preparation to sell their lives as dearly as possible; but, after mature deliberation, the shark slowly took himself off."

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—This exhibition, which has for upwards of 60 years been one of the recognised sights of London, as it is one of the largest and most complete of its kind, was visited by a large concourse of persons. The spacious rooms were so full that locomotion was at times exceedingly difficult. Several additions have of late been made. The most recent are those of the Earl of Shaftesbury, a striking likeness, and Dr. Livingstone, about whose safety the public were a short time since so painfully interested, and of whose safety we have now every reason to believe. The Napoleon relics, which are at all times and seasons worth seeing, attracted great attention, and the Chamber of Horrors had its full share of visitors. The recent additions to this part of the collection are Francis Baker, executed for the Alton murder, and Miles Weatherhill, for the Todmorden murders, the particulars of which and the hardened character of the culprit are so fresh in the public mind.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

EASTER AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The appearance of the great lyric temple in Bow-street on Monday night showed most conclusively that in the holidays there are in London audiences for all classes of theatrical entertainment. The opera was Verdi's "Rigoletto"—next to the "Trovatore" the most popular of the composer's—To-day Meyerbeer's grand opera "Robert le Diable" will be given, with Madames Antonietta, Frioli, and Lemmens Sterrington, Mlle. Dor; Signors Naudin, Neri-Baraldi, and Colini in the principal characters.

HAYMARKET.—The performances at this theatre do not involve any direct Easter offering, as "A Hero of Romance," produced some four or five weeks since, has achieved one of the greatest and most legitimate successes remembered at the Haymarket Theatre for a long time. A single visit to the Haymarket Theatre when Mr. Southern plays Victor de Tourville in "A Hero of Romance," will convince the most sceptical that Lord Dandrey is not the only part in which this popular comedian shines pre-eminently. A new occasional farce was produced entitled "The Co-Operative Movement." No doubt "The Co-Operative Movement" will serve for some time to come as an introduction to the more serious business of the evening. The performances terminated with the farce of "Intrigue."

PRINCESS'S.—The Easter entertainments at this house comprise three pieces, which have been running a successful career for some weeks past—viz., Mr. Morton's farce "Poor Philoddy;" Mr. Boucicault's drama "Jeanie Deane; or, The Heart of Mid-Lothian;" and the farce of "No. 1, Round the Corner." The very great success achieved by Mr. Boucicault's Scotch drama was, no doubt, the cause why Mr. Vining—who is always on the look out for novelty, and is always anxious to keep up a succession of first-class entertainments—did not provide any speciality for the holidays.

OLYMPIC.—The first piece selected for the holiday performance at this theatre was Mr. Stirling Coyne's comedy, "The Woman of the World." Next followed an entirely new work in the shape of a burlesque, entitled "Hit and Miss; or, All My Eye and Betty Martin," from the pen of Mr. F. C. Burnand. It affords a tolerable opportunity for the display of the diverting powers of a number of clever male actors, and of a large group of very charming and vivacious actresses.

ADLPHI.—There was no special novelty at this theatre for Easter Monday. The entertainments were a new farce entitled "Go to Putney; or, the Story of a Boat Race," and the ninety-first representation of "No Thoroughfare."

STRAND.—A crowded audience assembled at this elegant bazaar theatre to witness the performance of Mr. W. Brough's new burlesque, entitled, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." The burlesque took immensely with the audience, and in conjunction with its superb and brilliant dresses, elaborate mountings, picturesque scenery, and, last, though not least, the galaxy of female beauty engaged in its representation, there can be little doubt that it will have as long a run as any of its predecessors.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—The programme for this favourite place of amusement consisted of Mr. T. W. Robertson's highly successful drama, "Play," preceded by the old established farce, by Buckstone, of "A Dead Shot," and following by the new farce of "A Silent Protector." There was a full house, and the audience evidently enjoyed the entertainment which had been provided for them with a keen relish.

NEW QUEEN'S.—The Easter entertainments at this theatre were opened with the new comedietta of "Mary Jones." Following this came a dramatic version of Mr. Charles Dickens's work of "Oliver Twist," contained in three acts; the adaptation being made by Mr. John Oxenford. The rendering of the part of Nancy by Miss Nelly Moore was admirable, and would, probably, create surprise even in the minds of those who have been delighted by the delineations in which an actress so justly famed has often excelled. The part of Oliver Twist was set forth by Miss Hodson in a manner natural and touching; and Miss Ludia as Rose Maylie gave a degree of interest to a part necessarily subsidiary. The character of Bill Sykes was most carefully depicted by Mr. Irving, and his recklessness and brutality were well adumbrated. It is needless to say that the character of the "Artful Dodger" was borne by Mr. Toole, by whom it was set forth with a vigour, subtlety, and variety which lent a constant charm to the whole representation. The part of Fagin was borne by Mr. Ryder, who deprived a repulsive part of some of its exaggerations. The music was composed and arranged by Mr. Wallerstein, and the scenery, which was well adapted, was by Mr. Johnson. The entertainments concluded with the operatic extravaganza "Le Vivas diers."

NEW ROYALTY.—Successful have been the pieces recently produced at this theatre that Miss M. Oliver found it unnecessary to produce any special novelty for the delectation of her holiday patrons. The sterling merits of Mr. Halliday's admirable domestic drama, "Daddy Gray," and the whimsical extravaganza of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Merry Zingara," which have for some time past been delighting playgoers, attracted a crowded and enthusiastic audience, who testified their unqualified approval by frequent and vehement applause.

HOLBORN.—Miss Fanny Josephs, who has just succeeded to the management of this pretty and comfortable little theatre, signalled the first night of her rule by a programme including a new extravaganza and a new farce. Mr. F. C. Burnand, the author of the new extravaganza, has christened it the "White Fawn." Two very elegant ballets were introduced in the course of the piece. When the curtain fell Miss Josephs was recalled with many demonstrations of goodwill. The performances began with the drama of "The Post Boy" and concluded with a new farce by Mr. W. Harrison, entitled "Special Performance."

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS (HOLBORN).—The Royal Amphitheatre in Holborn, where all the glories of Astley's in its best days appear to be revived, was crowded to the ceiling by a much-amused audience, consisting in a large measure of the juvenile portion of the population. It would be hard to say whether the equestrian feats of Mr. Frank Pastor, the jugglery of M. Agoste, or the daring performances of Mlle. Pereira on the lofty trapeze excited more amazement or called for the warmer applause. We must not omit to notice the amusing scenes with Senor Bevano's marionettes, which kept the young people in a roar.

SURREY.—The holiday seasons invariably bring with them some dramatic novelty at this house, and its patrons rarely have occasion to complain of Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick's catering for their amusement. This Easteride has brought forth a new drama called "Poor Humanity," being founded upon, or rather a dramatised version of, a popular story of that name, which has for some months been in course of publication in "Caseell's Magazine." The whole of the characters are well supported, and "Poor Humanity" as a drama is so replete with telling incidents and so well placed upon the stage that it can scarcely fail to command an amount of popularity equal to that enjoyed by the novel upon which it is founded.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Professor Anderson, who achieved a reputation years ago as the "Wizard of the North," is giving a series of farewell entertainments at Sadler's Wells prior to his retirement from the stage. Mr. Anderson, as a conjuror, stands only second to the renowned Houdin, and there is a refinement and finish in the style in which he accomplishes his magical tricks which invest even the most ordinary efforts of conjuring in his

hands with unusual interest. The old-fashioned "Wonderful Bottle" and that curious specimen of Oriental juggling, the Indian basket trick, are as well received as ever; and Mr. Anderson has added a number of new efforts to his entertainment which are worth witnessing. He is ably assisted by his four daughters, the eldest of whom exhibits a marvellously retentive memory in her "Second Sight" performance, while another, Miss Lizzie Anderson, achieves the famous Japanese butterfly trick almost, if not quite, as perfectly as it is performed by the Japanese troupe themselves. Altogether, Mr. Anderson's entertainment is likely to prove a success during the Easter holidays.

NEW EAST LONDON.—The attractions provided for the East-end playgoers by Mr. Morris Abrahams drew together an immense audience, who evidently fully appreciated the treat provided for them. The first piece, entitled "The Captain's Not a Miss," caused a considerable amount of amusement. The drama, which is written by Mr. W. Travers, bears the title of "The Gipsy Girl; or, the Duel in the Dark." It is very cleverly constructed, presents many sensational scenes, and is very likely to have a long run. The performances concluded most satisfactorily with "The Black Domino; or, the Masked Ball."

PAVILION.—The enterprising manager of this popular East-end theatre has provided a most attractive bill of fare for the amusement of his supporters during Easter week. Adah Isaacs Menken made her first appearance in the character of "Mazepa," when she was received with an enthusiasm perhaps more boisterous, but not less genuine, than has greeted her when she has appeared before more aristocratic audiences. The performances commenced with the comic drama of "Jackets of Blue," this was followed by "Mazepa." The evening's amusement concluded with a piece called "Comedietta."

BRITANNIA.—As is usual on Easter Monday, this great theatre was crowded soon after the doors were opened; and the audience came with a keen appetite to enjoy the entertainments which the management knows so well how to suit to their taste. The first piece brought before them was called "The Wolf of the Pyrenees." At the close of each act a storm of applause testified the admiration of the playgoers, and a sensation combat with daggers between two of the bandits, drew down a similar reward. After this there followed some dancing by Mlle. Stephan and coryphees; and the evening's entertainment was brought to a close by a second new drama, called "Wait Till I'm a Man; or, The Playground and the Battle-field."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—No such attractive inducements have ever before being held out to visitors as at the present Easter. In the first place it may truly be said that at no former period have the gardens and grounds appeared in their present resplendent beauty. Fifteen years' steady growth in the free atmosphere of Sydenham has brought plants and shrubs to such a state of vigour that in an unusually early spring like the present they show a beauty and variety, a freshness and verdure without parallel, and such as will amply repay a visitor for a visit to Sydenham. Amongst the most striking will be found specimens of berberis (of various sorts); Arctia viridissima, laurelana; rice (of various sorts); hybrids and rhododendrons, double flowering ferns, peaches, and almonds, magnolia conspicua, andromeda florabunda, &c., &c. Within the palace large accessions have been made to the Industrial Department, by the receipt of cases—a large quantity of goods of all kinds—from the Paris Exhibition. The Gustave Doré Art Union makes a splendid show of the original pictures illustrating Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," with the photographic fac-similes thereof, nine of which are issued at one guinea subscription, in addition to which is a chance of obtaining the original drawings. The collection of interesting models of savage life have all been restored. Turning to the end destroyed by fire fifteen months back, a Tropical Department has been re-organised, and the facade of the unique Alhambra Court restored. For the Easter holiday visitors an attractive series of novelties has been provided far beyond former years. Foremost are the celebrated Oriental Troupe of nearly twenty natives of India, who go through the most extraordinary performances. Ethardo, the Spiral Gymnast, goes through his evolutions. The everywhere-known Payne Family, whose comicallies are so prominent in the Covent Garden pantomimes, appear in a laughable ballet d'action. Success is sure to follow their efforts. Besides other novelties, however, two Italian "Miniature Men" made their first appearance in this country. Well formed, highly intelligent, speaking several languages, the two diminutive brothers, Ernesto and Primo Magri, created an agreeable surprise and sensation such as had not been witnessed since the early days of General Tom Thumb in London. As a remarkable contrast with the "Miniature Men," a Norwegian giant (nearly eight feet high)—just arrived in this country—has been engaged. The giant is a major of Artillery in the army of the United States, in which he served throughout the late war. Of fine athletic proportions, arrayed in full military equipment, he is the best ideal of a giant warrior. Besides all these, a great variety of exhibitions will be found within and without the palace. The Great Zoetrope of the London Stereoscopic Company, who must have netted some thousands of pounds by the happy introduction of this comicality; the extraordinary Blue Hairy Horse; the collections of parrots and monkeys, and all the outdoor attractions—not omitting the groups of extinct animals—form a combination of present attractions to the Palace of the People which it is not astonishing to learn has received in little more than fifteen years upwards of twenty-two millions of visitors. The sale of the guinea season tickets has been greatly stimulated by the announcement of the varied days of attraction to which they will admit. They will this year include, for the first time, the four days of the Handel Festival.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—The excellent acting of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and of Mr. Parry keeps "Our Quiet Chateau" a favourite piece here. It was played with the usual success to a numerous audience not wholly composed of holiday folks. It was followed by an amusing Sketch, one in which Mr. Parry found ample scope for his extraordinary powers of varied representation and imitation. The whole sketch is after Mr. Parry's best manner, and will no doubt have a prosperous career.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—It is no small tribute to the varied powers of Mr. Maccabe that an entertainment which has been so long before the public should continue to maintain such a degree of freshness as to draw together daily—and sometimes daily and nightly—such audiences as continue to crowd the walls of the Egyptian Hall whenever the musical, dramatic, and ventriloquist powers of Mr. Maccabe are called into requisition. What the quality of these is a large portion of the provincial, as well as the metropolitan, public know, and, knowing, appreciate. Owing to such appreciation, probably, it is that the entertainment has been suffered to proceed in its usual course, with some slight additions in honour of the season, the whole meeting with a due welcome.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—The Easter holiday folk have come now to regard the special Easter performance of this troupe as one of the recognised features of the festivities of the season. Never, perhaps, did the public come in larger numbers, or go away better pleased.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.—The principal attraction at these beautiful gardens was a magnificent display of flowers, exhibited by Messrs. Lane and Son. These flowers, which occupied a number of stands in one of the arcades leading to the conservatory, presented a really beautiful spectacle, and formed one mass of colour, tastefully arranged, and interspersed with green shrubs. Azaleas of every kind and tint were the most numerous, while choice roses, superb rhododendrons, and many other flowers, completed the collection.

CHURCH POLITICS AT DIEPPE.

Church politics generally run high among the English on the Continent, but Dieppe appears to enjoy an unenviable notoriety. Already, in consequence of a feud between the chaplain and his congregation, the chaplaincy ceased to be consular last autumn, but this decision, far from bringing peace, has been the cause of fresh discord. The residents have declared the chaplaincy vacant, in consequence of Lord Stanley dispensing with the services of the chaplain, and the rev. gentleman has announced and actually carries out his intention of continuing the services notwithstanding. Each Sunday brings with it a disturbance at the church. The chaplain, uniting in his own person both temporalities and spiritualities, performs the duty, and requests from the altar that all payment shall be made to him. The residents have elected a committee, the treasurer of which pays all the expenses connected

VICISSITUDES OF THEATRES.

The real property attached to the theatre once well known to a certain class of Parisians as the *Délassements Comiques* has been recently put up for sale by auction, but the reserved price of 200,000 francs was not attained by any of the bidders. The theatre was first opened in 1768, when it was called the *Theatre des Associes*. During the Revolution it became the *Theatre Patriotique*, and so remained till 1795, when it was taken by Prevot, a provincial comedian, who gave it the modest name of the *Theatre Sans-Prétention*. In 1815 it became the *Theatre Siqui*, being the place selected by the celebrated female gymnast for her performances on the tight rope. It was not till 1841 that it became the *Theatre des Délassements Comiques*, and last year, dropping this title, as it had dropped so many others, it was converted into the *Theatre du Prince Eugene*. For a variety of nomenclature this

LORD RANELAGH.

The Right Hon. Thomas Heron Jones, Viscount Ranelagh, whose portrait we give on our first page, was born on the 9th of January, 1812, and succeeded to his father's title in 1820. For some years he held a commission in the 1st Life Guards. During the Carlist war in Spain, Lord Ranelagh distinguished himself by his ardent and chivalrous support of the Legitimist Don Carlos, the Constitutional side being supported by Gen. Sir De Lacy Evans, sent from this country to uphold the cause of Queen Isabella. The Ranelagh viscountcy is an Irish peerage. The family is descended from the house of Herbert, who came over at the Conquest. Lord Ranelagh has greatly distinguished himself by his support of the Volunteer movement, and is exceedingly popular among the whole of that body, whose deeds on Monday last at Portsmouth we record elsewhere.



OPENING OF THE ITALIAN OPERA—THE CRUSH-ROOM AT COVENT GARDEN.

with divine worship, and requests by printed notices posted on the church doors that all payments be made to him. The parson tears down these notices; they are as promptly replaced by order of the committee, and the beginning and end of each service is a "scene." Both parties have lawyers at work, and as they appear equally obstinate and equally well supplied with means the fight will probably not be a short one. The scandal these proceedings create in the town is obviously most injurious to our religion and character. Some means ought to be found to put an end to such unseemly disputes.

GRAY or faded hair is restored to its original color and beauty and a luxuriant growth promoted by Mrs. S. A. Allen's improved and combined World's Hair Restorer and Dressing Six Shilling per bottle. Her Zylbalsamum for the young, Three Shillings European Depot, 268, High Holborn. Sold by all wholesale dealers, and retail by most chemists and perfumers.—[ADVT.]

Parisian theatre may be matched by the London house in Tottenham-street, which at different periods has been the Regency, the West London, the Theatre of Varieties, the Fitzroy, and the Queen's, and is now the Prince of Wales's.

ELECTION AT WYCOMBE.—On Saturday an election took place at Wycombe to fill the vacancy occasioned by the succession of the late member the Hon. G. R. Carrington to the House of Lords, on the death of his father Lord Carrington. The only candidate was the Hon. Peregrine Carrington, a younger brother of the present lord, who was of course elected. Like his brother, he is a Gladstonite, and the respective numerical strength of parties in the House of Commons remains undisturbed by this change.—A vacancy has been occasioned in the representation of Cokermonth by the death of Mr. Steel, which took place on Friday. The deceased gentleman, who was eighty-two years of age, was a Liberal.

GARROTTE ROBBERIES.—At the Central Criminal Court on Saturday, four prisoners were tried for garrotte robberies. In one case, two of the ruffians attacked an aged man, and treated him very roughly. They conducted themselves with unusual effrontery in court; but when sentence of penal servitude was pronounced, including the preliminary punishment of 20 strokes with a cat-o-nine-tails, they veiled their fears in imprecations, and were dragged with difficulty from the bar, to which they clung as to a friend. In the second case, the brutality of the robbers was even greater, the prosecutor being left insensible on the ground, and the punishment was ten years' penal servitude, with 25 strokes of the cat. Three of the prisoners were but 19 years of age, and the fourth 18.

THERE was a grand display of fireworks on Southsea-common at the conclusion of the review on Monday evening, which were supplied by the well-known firm of Messrs. Baker and Sons, of Cambridge-road, Victoria-park. The display was witnessed by many thousands, and gave the utmost satisfaction to everybody.

CURIOUS GOOD FRIDAY REQUESTS.

In years long since passed away many of our forefathers appear to have entertained some very strange notions as to the mode of distributing their surplus cash. As, for instance, an inhabitant of a City parish, who lived about four centuries ago, left six or eight shillings to be expended annually in the purchase of faggots with which to burn heretics. Another testator, one Peter Symonds, by will dated 1586, left a sum of money that a sermon might be preached every Good Friday in the church of All Hallows, Lombard-street, and at the close of the service it provides that a penny and a packet of raisins or plums shall be given to each of sixty of the younger scholars of Christ Hospital who shall attend such service. This custom was observed on Good Friday. The prayers were read by the Rev. M. W. Lusignan, and the sermon preached by the Rector, the Rev. C. Mackenzie. At the close of the service several other children participated in the gift, and a number of poor persons received gifts of money and bread. Under the will of the same testator, it is customary to distribute on Whit Sunday sixty loaves to poor persons, the distribution having, as directed, taken place over Symonds's grave, in Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate. The spot is now covered by the railway terminus, and last year the distribution took place in the front of the Infant School-room, Bishopsgate Churchyard. In the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great a donor, unknown, left a small sum of money to be distributed over his tomb on Good Friday. That tomb, too, is now gone, and on Good Friday the Rev. J. Abbas, after performing Divine service in the ancient church, came out into the footpath leading to the church, and upon a flat stone there threw down twenty-four sixpences, which were eagerly picked up by a similar number of old ladies, who had been previously selected to receive the gift.—*City Press*.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT AT THE BROMLEY STEEPLECHASE.

On Monday evening Mr. C. J. Carttar, the coroner for Kent, held an inquest at the Chequers Inn, South Borough, Bromley, touching the death of Mr. Edward Clifford, aged 19 years, who was killed at the Bromley Steeplechase on Tuesday last.

Mr. N. A. Clifford, York Hotel, Waterloo-road, identified the deceased. He was a gentleman jockey, and was the son of Mr. Thomas Clifford, of the Prebendal, Thame, Oxfordshire. He was much addicted to field sports, and especially hunting, and for three years past he frequently rode his father's horses at steeplechases. He rode at the Bromley races on Monday last, and proved the winner. On Tuesday he rode again, being mounted on Vindicator. Witness viewed the race from the grand stand. It was run at 4.20 p.m. Vindicator cleared all the obstacles successfully, until he came to the last hurdle, and he was the first horse in the race. When he came to the last hurdle he jumped falsely, and his hind legs caught in the hurdle. The ground on the further side being a little hard, his fore feet "slid," and he tumbled. The deceased fell from the saddle, and the crowd rushed forward. Two doctors who were on the ground also ran to him, but they found that he was quite dead. His neck was broken, and he had received other severe internal injuries. He was killed instantaneously. He was a perfectly competent jockey. He rode for pleasure not for gain.

John Lane, a labourer, said that he was near the last hurdle when the accident occurred. Vindicator's hind legs caught in the hurdle, and he pitched headforemost out of the saddle. The horse fell upon him, but jumped up instantly, and was off in advance of the other horses. The fence was cleared by the other horses without accident, and they came over so quickly after the

THE PRESENT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.

The most remarkable feature of this eruption is, however, not excessive violence, but the periodicity of the paroxysms. Indeed, so regular is this periodicity, that Professor Palmieri, head of the Observatory on Vesuvius, states that he can confidently give notice at what hours the mountain may be ascended without incurring danger. According to the most trustworthy observations Vesuvius shows the greatest activity twice daily, varying each day about half an hour, and so uniform is this variation as to have led some persons to advance the theory that the volcano acts under lunar influence. Though not absolutely endorsing this view, Professor Palmieri goes far to justify it. In one of his most recent official accounts of the eruption he observes:—"The eruption of Vesuvius maintains the remarkable periodicity to which I have already drawn attention. Thus there are no novel features to be described. The hours of recurrence and duration and intensity of activity cannot fail to greatly interest the scientific world. Sir William Hamilton was the first person who drew attention to the diurnal period in a protracted eruption of this mountain. In 1855 we had an excellent opportunity of studying this phenomenon, and the daily retardation of each outflow of lava was proved beyond all doubt. The present eruption has given us an opportunity of still further confirming what was then observed." Another remarkable feature is that the outflow of the lava has not been confined to mouths which have opened on the sides or base of the cone. In the latter part of January the lava issued from the apex of the mountain 3,450 feet above the level of the sea, and is represented to have flowed over as from a boiling cauldron as tranquilly as water from a basin which could hold no more. While frequent periodicity of outbreaks has undoubtedly had the effect of rendering the



THE FARM YARD.

WASHING BUILDINGS.

Such things as belong to the province of the First Commissioner of Works certainly seem to be managed much better in France than at home. The steam-roller for the streets had been long in use in Paris before it was even thought of in London, and now it seems the French have a plan of washing buildings very cheaply and expeditiously by steam, which is greatly wanted in this metropolis. One advantage of *nettoyage normal* is its simplicity. A small engine, one of Giffard's injectors, and a quantity of tubing make up the apparatus, which may be worked either from a ladder or hanging cradle, such as is used by house painters, or, if the building is a large one, from a scaffolding of pyramidal form mounted on wheels. By this means the outside of a building can be cleansed, either by water, or water and steam mixed, and can also be washed with silicates, if it be desired to protect it from atmospheric influences. As an example of what can be done in this way, we are told that M. Nivert, the inventor, lately cleaned a house in Paris 60 metres long and 20 metres high, in less than three days, the total cost, including the pay of twelve workmen, being only 1,200 francs. Successful experiments with the apparatus have also been made at the back of St. Paul's Church, Covent-garden.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.—Our autumn and winter (writes Mr. Mechi) have in this county (Essex) been everything one can desire agriculturally, so dry and so free from floods, as compared with the same period of 1866-67. Consequently the wheat crop looks quite healthy and promising, while the dryness of the soil permits a free use of the hand and horse hoe, and the facile extirpation of weeds. All this is a contrast to the like period last year. A greatly-increased breadth of wheat has been sown, so that, if the summer prove favourable, our food prospects will be much brighter. I predicted last year that the root falling or root rotting of the wheat plant would probably reduce the crop to 20 per cent. The result has fully verified my estimate. There is a general saying in our country that after a light (full) moon at Christmas, light sheaves (a little harvest) follow, while, after a dark moon at Christmas, the sheaves are heavy and the harvest abundant. We had full or light moons at Christmas 1865 and 1866, and a dark moon at Christmas 1867.

accident that they would have alighted on Vindicator, if he had not been up and off so quickly. No one did anything to frighten Vindicator or make him miss his jump. It was a fair attempt and a failure.

The Coroner said that the evidence showed that the occurrence was entirely accidental. There was a certain amount of danger inseparable from steeple-chasing, but it did not appear that at the Bromley races the obstacles were in any way exceptionally dangerous.

The jury returned a verdict—"That the deceased died from effect of injuries accidentally received through the fall of the horse Vindicator, while jumping a fence during the steeple-chase at Bromley."

The race in which the deceased gentleman met his death was for a steeple-chase plate of 40 sovs., the course being two miles. Five horses ran, and although Ned of the Hills came in first, after the catastrophe to Vindicator, the race was declared void, owing to the fact that three at least of the horses had taken the wrong side of a flag.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—On Good Friday a melancholy accident happened at Brighton, by which two brothers lost their lives. Mr. Richard Seaton, a commercial traveller, of New Kent-road, London, being at Brighton, invited his brother, a teacher in an academy in that town, to dine with him. After dinner they went for a row on the water, taking with them another commercial traveller named Silk. When about 100 yards from the Chainpier, in attempting to change places, the frail craft was unfortunately overturned. All three managed for some time to keep up by holding on to the boat, but before assistance reached them the brothers had both sunk and were drowned. Mr. Silk was rescued in a most exhausted state.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

eruption of this winter less imposing than many eruptions during the past century, the result has also been the preservation of much property from destruction. All through the eruption earthquake shocks have been very frequent in and around Naples. The seismograph has registered three or four every twenty-four hours; and on January 28, when this instrument was extremely agitated, the great fall of rock at Santa Lucia occurred. Unhappily the warnings of this valuable and highly sensitive instrument were unheeded by those who occupied houses beneath the rock. Neapolitans are notorious for their contempt of volcanic dangers, and in a moment death came and claimed his victims. No wonder, bearing in mind the frequency of earthquakes at Naples, that many of the houses are propped up, crutch fashion, for without such support they would certainly fall. It is abundantly evident that the subterranean forces in this part of Europe are not apparently on the decline, or, if they are, and that our globe is indeed cooling, the process is so slow that many generations will pass away before any appreciable change will be noted.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

CURIOUS INCIDENT.—One very curious incident in connection with Easter Sunday happened in the days of "Good Queen Bess," when the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, receiving the Royal command to raise a thousand men with the greatest expedition, proceeded on that Sunday, 1596, to the churches, closed the doors, and gathered their quantum of men during service. These men were armed, equipped, and marched to Dover, in order to embark for France the same evening. In the meantime Elizabeth received advice of the reduction of Calais by the Spaniards, and the impressed men returned to the City in about a week after.—*Easter Annual*.

A WATER RAT FOUND INSIDE A PIKE.—On Friday Mr. Ebenezer Cooke, of Lewes, while angling in a tributary of the river Ouse, for pike, caught one of these fish weighing about 4lb. While it was being dressed for cooking, there was found in the maw a nearly full-grown water rat, which had, apparently, been gorged only a few hours. We have oftentimes read of the voracity of the pike, but this is the first time we have heard that after partaking of such a hearty meal one could be tempted by the bait of a roach, which was used on this occasion.

LAW AND POLICE.

A MALICIOUS BRUTY.—A respectably-dressed and very good-looking young woman, who had refused her name and address, was charged before the Lord Mayor with various malicious acts in throwing pieces of lighted paper into letter-boxes. About half-past one o'clock on Sunday morning, City Police-constable Hoskins, 662, was going his rounds, and found the prisoner sitting on a door-step on Fish-street-hill. On asking why she was there at that hour, she replied she was tired. She also said, in answer to other questions, she had put some lighted paper into a private letter-box at 24, Old Fish-street-hill. He asked her why she had done that. She replied that some letters had been sent to her through the post, and she had not received them, adding that if she did not receive her letters no one else should receive theirs if she could prevent them. On being asked her name and address, she said the constable might find them out, and she persisted in refusing them, upon which he took her into custody. He afterwards went to the house, 24, Old Fish-street-hill, and found that though there was a letter slip in the door there was no letter-box on the inner side, and that letters put through the slip dropped on the floor. A piece of burnt paper was found on the floor with a post letter, which had evidently been dropped through the door after the paper had burnt out, as it lay upon the burnt paper. There were also some cinders in brown paper on the inner side of the door. There was reason to believe, from statements the prisoner had made, that she had been guilty of similar acts in Islington. Two lucifer matches, a farthing, and a new pair of stockings were found upon her. She now declined to ask the officer any questions, and behaved before the bench in a reckless manner.—The Lord Mayor (addressing her): Tell me where you live?—Prisoner: I won't do that.—The Lord Mayor: Why did you do this?—Prisoner, evading the question: I will set fire to every letter-box in London when I get out of prison.—The Policeman said she told him she would have set fire to some more if he had not detained her.—The Lord Mayor: Where did you get that mantle you are wearing?—Prisoner (blushing): I did not steal it.—The Lord Mayor: I did not say you did.—His lordship eventually remanded the prisoner until Tuesday week, and directed a communication to be made to the Post Office authorities in the meantime.

FENIANISM.—THE CLERKENWELL OUTRAGE.—James Cosgrove was charged before Mr. Mansfield with assaulting Charles Page.—The complainant said he kept a broker's shop at 1, Pulteney-court. On Saturday night, after closing the shop, he went into the court, and while speaking to a woman named Cook some one called out "Let him have it," and the defendant then struck him violently on the eye. The defendant, hearing some one say that the police were coming, ran away. The only reason for this assault was because his wife had given evidence against some of the parties charged with the Clerkenwell outrage, since which time they had been much annoyed, and had been obliged to claim the protection of the police.—Mrs. Cook corroborated the evidence of the complainant.—Charles Burroughs saw the defendant strike the complainant in a very cowardly manner.—The defendant said he went to protect a female. The complainant struck him, and he struck back again. The defendant called witnesses, who swore that an altercation was going on between some women and the complainant, and that on the defendant coming forward to protect the women he was assaulted by the complainant.—Mrs. Cook denied that any women were threatened by the complainant. She was the only woman with whom the complainant was speaking at the time he was assaulted.—Police-sergeant Cole, C Division, had no doubt whatever that the assault arose out of the Clerkenwell outrage. Ever since the complainant's wife had given evidence, both husband and wife had been subject to such annoyances by persons in the neighbourhood that it had been found necessary to place extra constables in the court for their protection. The defendant was connected with the class of persons who committed the annoyance.—Mr. Mansfield had no doubt an unwarrantable and cowardly assault had been committed on the complainant, for which the defendant must pay £4 18s. and costs, or two months.—A woman named Dufour was ordered to find one surety to keep the peace for abusing the witness Cook.

STEALING MILK.—Thomas Hamilton was placed at the bar before Mr. Alderman Hale, charged with stealing three half-pints of milk, the property of John Brown; and also with assaulting Patrick Towhay (the counterpoisoner who was a short time ago brought to this court for having in his possession 39 old guineas, and who satisfactorily accounted for their possession).—It appeared that John Brown left a can of milk in Upper Thames-street while he was serving a customer a few doors off. The prisoner and two friends of his came along, and he deliberately drew three half-pints of milk, gave one to each of his companions, and drank one himself. He then went to Towhay's barrow, and took some oranges. He was walking off with them, when Towhay tried to stop him, upon which he turned upon the old man, gave him a terrible blow in the face, and then ran away to the water-side. A policeman came up, and seeing Towhay covered with blood went down Paul's Wharf, and in a barge there saw the prisoner, who jumped into a boat and tried to make his escape. He was a terror to the neighbourhood.—Mr. Alderman Hale sentenced him to 14 days' hard labour for stealing the milk, and 14 days more for the assault on Towhay.

FENIANISM.—MURDEROUS ASSAULTS.—Dennis Doran, Catherine Doran, and Johanna Doran, were charged with cutting and wounding John Gordon, on the 28th ult., with intent to do him grievous bodily harm.—The complainant, who appeared weak and ill, and the back of whose head was covered with surgical bandages, said that on the 28th ult. he was going down Warwick-court, when the defendant Dennis caught hold of him and punched him violently on the head and face, and then held him whilst his sister Johanna struck him with a tin can. He was knocked about in the most violent manner, and then the defendant Catherine came up with a power pint pot, and hit him about the head so much that he fell senseless. He lost a great deal of blood, and had been under medical treatment ever since, and was then very weak and ill. He had not called the defendants Fenians, nor had he called them thieves, or annoyed them in any way. His wife might have had words with them, but with that he had nothing to do.—Police-constable Carter, 123 G, said that he saw all the defendants assault the complainant, and when he was knocked insensible the defendant Dennis kicked him. Catherine knocked the complainant with a publican's pint power pot on the head with such force as to knock off the spout. The complainant was insensible for some time after the assault.—Mr. George Eugene Yarrow, divisional surgeon of the G division, said that he was called to attend the complainant, and found him suffering from five incised and lacerated wounds on the top of the head, about an inch in length. The complainant had since been under his care, and he was delirious on and off for about ten days. He was in a dangerous state, but was now out of danger. He should think that the complainant was delirious from inflammation of the brain or the membrane.—The defendants said that the complainant and his wife were always annoying them by calling them Fenians, thieves, and whores, and assaulting them. They were first assaulted, and what they did was done in self-defence.—Mr. Flowers committed the defendants to the Middlesex Sessions for trial.

INTOLERABLE NUISANCES.—Thomas Brooker, a boy about 14 years of age, was charged with playing at pitch and toss to the annoyance of the inhabitants.—A policeman proved that he saw the defendant playing at pitch and toss on Sunday afternoon in John-street, Marlborough-road, Chelsea.—Mr. Arnold asked

whether defendant had been complained of by any of the inhabitants.—The policeman replied that there were six or seven other boys with the defendant at the time he was apprehended, and there were continual complaints.—Mr. Arnold inquired whether the defendant particularly had been complained of.—Inspector M'Hugo, of the B division, said that the tradesmen and inhabitants of Chelsea had so often complained of the nuisance occasioned by the assemblages of boys pitching and tossing during the Sunday, that he had been directed to apply himself to the abatement of the nuisance.—Mr. Arnold said the boy was charged with playing at a game to the annoyance of the inhabitants.—The Inspector said that several of the inhabitants it would be seen had signed the sheet, which showed that they complained of the annoyance. A Mr. Callin had signed the sheet in the present case.—Mr. Arnold wished to know whether he was not in attendance.—The Inspector said he was not, but he could be procured if the case was adjourned.—Mr. Arnold did not adjourn the case, and, observing that he could not convict without evidence of the annoyance, discharged the boy.

A SOLICITOR CHARGED WITH ASSAULTS AND WILFUL DAMAGE.—Mr. Edward Frampton, solicitor, staying at Bertolini's Hotel, St. Martin's-street, was charged before Mr. Mansfield with being drunk, and assaulting James Wright, the beadle of Burlington-arcade, and William Holden, 58 C, and he was further charged with breaking six panes of glass, value 5s., in the cell at the Vine-street Police-station.—Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, appeared for the defence.—John Wright, the beadle of Burlington-arcade, said: On Saturday afternoon, between five and six o'clock, I saw the prisoner in the Burlington-arcade, and as he was drunk, I spoke to him in a quiet manner, telling him that persons in a state of intoxication were not allowed in the place, upon which the prisoner made no more to do but up with his fist and struck me a blow on the nose, making it bleed. I attempted to put the defendant out of the arcade, when he struck me several times about the face. After that a constable came up, and the prisoner assaulted him also, and behaved in a very rough manner, and they had some trouble in getting him to the station.—By Mr. Lewis: The prisoner did not hit me very hard. They were not such blows as a sober man would give, and he did not suppose if the prisoner had been sober he would have done it. The prisoner did not ask to be allowed to go up the arcade. I did not push the defendant before he struck me. The prisoner could have either turned back or gone forward. All I wanted was to get him out of the arcade.—Police-constable William Holden, 58 C: On going to the lower part of the arcade on Saturday evening I saw the prisoner in a fighting attitude, and the beadle—whose nose was bleeding—gave him into custody for assaulting him. I took hold of the prisoner by the arm, and told him that he must go to the police-station, and directly I did so he struck me several times on the forehead and also on the body, and became very violent. With assistance I got him to the station, but on the way he struck me several times.—By Mr. Lewis: I have a mark on my forehead, and had I not got close to the prisoner I should have been hurt more.—Mr. Lasana, architect, of Shrubland-road, Dalston, who was passing at the time, proved seeing the prisoner strike the beadle and the constable.—By Mr. Lewis: The beadle, before trying to eject the prisoner, said, "I am not going to have you in here drunk." The prisoner struck about like a drunken man. When the constable walked up to the prisoner, the latter was walking quietly and straight.—Inspector Bason: The prisoner was brought to the station on Saturday evening for assaulting the beadle of the arcade and the constable. He was very violent, and some persons came to the station and complained of having been assaulted, but did not press the charge. While in the cell he took off his boot, and smashed six panes of glass, of the value of 5s.—Mr. Lewis addressed the magistrate on behalf of the prisoner, stating that he had come from Bath on Saturday, and gone into the City to meet some friends, with whom he took more than was good for him; that afterwards he had gone into the arcade, and what with the pushing about he got and the knocking which he gave to the others, he became much worse, hence the unfortunate position he was then in.—Mr. Mansfield fined the prisoner 40s. for each assault, and ordered him to pay the damage and a fine of 1s.—in all £4 6s.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF A WIFE THROUGH JEALOUSY.—John Robert Bartlett, aged 27, of 35, Clarendon-street, Somerset-town, described on the charge-sheet as a smith, was charged with assaulting and endangering the life of his wife, Emily Bartlett.—Mr. H. Allen, prosecuting officer of the Associate Institute for Enforcing the Laws for the Protection of Women, watched the case.—Police-sergeant Olden, 16 Y, handed in the following certificate:—"St. Pancras Infirmary, April 16, 1868.—I certify that Elizabeth Bartlett is now in St. Pancras Infirmary, and is too ill to attend the court.—F. W. GIBSON, M.D."—The evidence of Police-sergeant Farrell, 26 Y, was to the effect that on Monday he went to the above house, and found a woman lying on the bed in an apparently dying state. She was covered with blood and her face was very much bruised. He had her removed to the infirmary and on Monday the defendant was apprehended, and when told the charge, he said "If you had been in my place you would have done as I did. I went home on Sunday, and, opening the door, found a man and my wife in the bed. The man got up and ran downstairs, and then I hit my wife and kicked her, but I did not hit her with any instrument. All she got she richly deserved."—The defendant said it was all true what the constable had stated. He was annoyed at finding the man in the bed with his wife.—Mr. Cooke remanded the defendant for a week for the attendance of the wife.

FORTUNE TELLING.—AMAZING CREDULITY.

At the Gatehead Borough Sessions on Thursday, before the Mayor (R. S. Newell, Esq.) and J. Sowerby, Esq., Ellen Boyd, a woman about 65 years of age, was charged with obtaining money under false pretences—namely, by "telling fortunes."—The Chief Constable (Mr. John Elliott) stated that he had received a great number of complaints respecting a woman going about telling fortunes, and getting dresses which she said she required for the purpose of working a charm, and which she promised to return next day, but she had failed to keep her promise. He had received information of the present case, which took place on the 23rd Jan. last, at the Low Fell, where two girls had been duped out of a dress and a jacket and a shilling in money. The girls went to the station and gave a description of the fortune-teller, and on Saturday night last the prisoner went to the station to complain of illusage on the part of her husband, or rather the man who lives with her, and who is a returned convict. She answered the description given by the girls—of having lost a tooth in a particular part of her mouth, and of speaking the Cumberland dialect, and he thereupon apprehended her and sent her for the girls, who immediately identified her.—Mary Jane Kipling, one of the complainants, then stated that she lived as servant with Mrs. Garrick, Kell's-lane, Low Fell, and on the 23rd of January the prisoner went to ask if the mistress would give her a copper, as she had a little girl very ill. Kipling went to her mistress, who sent the woman threepence. The prisoner then went into the washhouse, where the complainant was, and asked her to have her fortune told. The complainant agreed, and the prisoner then said she must have a silver coin, which she would wrap in a piece of paper, and the complainant was to put it under her arm when she went to bed at night, and she would see her future husband. The girl accordingly brought a shilling, and the woman appeared to wrap it up in the paper. She then said she must have a dress, which was necessary to enable her to work a charm at midnight, and she would return it next evening at five o'clock. Thereupon

the girl went and brought her a new print dress, which the prisoner took away with her. It is hardly necessary to add that she never returned it; and, on opening the paper, the girl found that the shilling had not been placed in it. She had also abstracted a kitchen towel belonging to Mr. Garrick. The Mayor asked the complainant if she believed the prisoner could tell her fortune, and the reply was, "Yes, I thought she could."—The Mayor: "Oh, you have been better brought up than that; can you read and write?" "Yes." "And yet," said the Mayor, "you believed such nonsense as this? That is the way these people are encouraged." The prisoner, in reply to the bench, as to whether she had any questions to ask the complainant, said she had never seen her before. She asked the bench if they thought she would have gone to the police-station for refuge if she had done anything of this kind?—Ellen Jackson, the other complainant, said she lived as a servant with Mr. Finney, Sheriff-hill, and at this time was residing at the same place as Mary Kipling. The prisoner asked her to have her fortune told, and she consented; but she did not tell her much. She said she would require a jacket to work a charm at twelve o'clock at night, and would bring it back next night, and complainant gave her a jacket, but the fortune-teller never brought it back. The Mayor: "You believed she would?" Witness: "Yes, I did." The Mayor: "I hope you will never believe anything of this sort again. What did she tell you?" She said I would be "married shortly." The complainant, in reply to the Chief Constable, said she had not been married yet. It was after she got the jacket that she told her she would be married shortly. The charm was to be at twelve o'clock at night. The Chief Constable said it was astonishing what a number of persons in good position went about getting their fortunes told. The complainant, in reply to the magistrates, said she knew the prisoner was the woman who got the jacket; she had a different dress on, but she knew her voice and face. The clerk to the magistrates (Mr. Wm. Hunter) asked the prisoner what she had to say why she should not be sent to prison for three months, with hard labour, that being the punishment which the law allotted to the offence. The prisoner repeated that she would not have gone there if she had done anything of the kind. She had been used like a brute, and knew nothing of this charge. The Mayor: You expected all this had been forgotten; but policemen do not forget these things so well as we do.—The prisoner: I am not the party. There's many a one goes about as well as me. The Chief Constable: I have a score of cases of this kind; some very respectable people come to me to complain.—The Mayor: It is astonishing that any respectable people should encourage such vagrants. It is too bad. The bench committed the prisoner to gaol for two months in each case, with hard labour.

ABYSSINIAN BEEFSTEAKS.

THE following letter has been addressed to a contemporary:—Your special correspondent attached to the Abyssinian expedition, in a recent interesting and graphic letter, reiterated the statement of the celebrated traveller Bruce as to the Abyssinians eating beefsteaks raw, out from the living animal. Just as in the days of Bruce, this has produced a great deal of discussion, and abundant expressions of disbelief. Our school-boys now have so abundant a supply of novels written expressly for their delectation that the old-fashioned devotion to travels and biographies which stirred the sympathies and fired the imaginations of the rising generation in bygone days is almost unknown; and few probably have read so "slow" a work as "Bruce's Travels." I therefore send you the passage, which I think will interest many of your numerous readers:—

"Not long after our losing sight of the ruins of the ancient capital of Abyssinia (says Bruce), we overtook three travellers driving a cow before them; they had black goat-skins upon their shoulders, and lances and shields in their hands. In other respects they were but thinly clothed, and they appeared to be soldiers. The cow did not seem to be fatted for killing, and it occurred to us all that it had been stolen. This, however, was not our business, nor was such an occurrence at all remarkable in a country so long engaged in war. We saw that our attendants attached themselves in a particular manner to the three soldiers who were driving the cow, and held a short conversation with them. Soon after we arrived at the hithermost bank of the river, where I thought we were to pitch our tent. The drivers suddenly tripped up the cow and gave the poor animal a very rude fall upon the ground, which was but the beginning of her sufferings. One of them sat across her neck, holding down her head by the horns, the other twisted the halter about her fore feet, while the third, who had a knife in his hand, to my great surprise, in place of taking her by the throat, got astride upon her belly before her hind legs, and gave her a very deep wound in the upper part of the buttock. From the time I had seen them throw the beast upon the ground I had rejoiced, thinking that when three people were killing a cow they must have agreed to sell part of her to us; and I was much disappointed upon hearing the Abyssinians say that we were to pass the river to the other side, and not encamp where I intended. Upon my proposing what they had bargained for part of the cow, my men answered what they had already learned in conversation, that the soldiers were not then to kill her, that she was not wholly theirs, and that they could not sell her. This awakened my curiosity. I let my people go forward, and stayed myself till I saw, with the utmost astonishment, two pieces thicker and longer than our ordinary beefsteaks, cut out of the higher part of the buttock of the beast. How it was done I cannot positively say, because, judging the cow was to be killed from the moment I saw the knife drawn, I was not anxious to view that catastrophe, which was by no means an object of curiosity. Whatever way it was done it surely was adroitly, and the two pieces were spread upon the outside of one of their shields. One of them still continued holding the head, while the other two were busied in curing the wound. This, too, was done not in an ordinary manner. The skin which had covered the flesh that was taken away was left entire and flapped over the wound and was fastened to the corresponding part by two or more small skewers or pins. Whether they had put anything under the skin between that and the wounded flesh I know not, but at the river side where they were they had prepared a cataplasm of clay with which they covered the wound. They then forced the animal to rise, and drove it on before them to furnish them with a fuller meal when they should meet their companions in the evening."

Bruce's reputation as a trustworthy observer was wrecked by this story, which was universally disbelieved at the time of his first publication; but he steadily adhered to his statement, remarking that—"To represent as truth a thing I know to be a falsehood, not to avow a truth I ought to declare—the one is fraud, the other cowardice. I hope I am equally distant from them both, and I pledge myself never to retract the fact I have advanced—that the Abyssinians do feed upon live flesh, and that I myself have been partaker of that disagreeable and beastly diet."

THE health of London continues good, notwithstanding the cold and variable character of the weather. The Registrar-General's return shows that the deaths were 72 fewer than they were in the previous week. Another case of death from the "shock occasioned by the Clerkenwell explosion" is reported. The annual rates of mortality in London and twelve other large towns, per 1,000 of the population, were as follow:—London, 22; Leeds, and Birmingham, 21; Dublin, Hull, and Sheffield, 22; Newcastle-on-Tyne, 23; Glasgow and Liverpool, 25; Manchester, 26; Salford, 27; Edinburgh, 28; and Bristol, 31.

STREET OUTRAGES UPON FEMALES.

Four young lads, between sixteen and seventeen years of age, were brought before Mr. Burcham, charged with annoying and insulting young women on their way from church, in the Westminster-bridge-road.

It appeared from the evidence of 177 L and other constables, that owing to a number of young ruffians assembling on Sunday evenings in the Westminster-bridge-road, for the purpose of annoying and insulting young women, mostly servants on their way home from their respective places of worship, they were placed on special duty to watch, and if possible, apprehend the offenders. On Good Friday evening, several females were grossly insulted by a number of lads, and two of them were apprehended and punished. The majority of the females, however, were disinclined to appear against the lads, as they were averse to attending a police-court and had to hurry home to their masters' houses. On Sunday night several complaints reached the ears of the police, and on their proceeding to the railway arch they saw a number of young scamps annoying the females and pushing them off the pavement. The constables pursued them and succeeded in capturing the prisoners.

One of the females, a respectable married woman, said she was a little in advance of her husband, when a number of young men surrounded her, and treated her in an insulting manner. She identified two of the prisoners as part of the gang.

Mr. Burcham asked if any of the other young women were in attendance?

The constable replied in the negative. They were afraid to go to the station-house.

Mr. Burcham fined two of the prisoners 5s. and 10s. each, and said that if the other female, had come forward and given evidence against them, he should have punished them with great severity, as such outrages must be put a stop to.

ROBBERY AT A WINE MERCHANT'S.

WILLIAM BAKER, a labourer, occasionally employed at the Borough Market, was placed at the bar before Mr. Burcham for final examination, charged with stealing 15 bottles of wine, the property of Mr. Samuel Hart, wine merchant, Three Crown-square, Borough.

It appeared from the evidence of Mr. William Stephens, manager to the prosecutor, that on Tuesday afternoon some repairs were going on in the lower part of the premises adjoining the wine vaults, and large quantities of wine had to be removed from one place to another. He knew the prisoner as working as a porter in the Borough Market, and he was occasionally employed by witness to carry out goods, but he had no business on the premises. Wine was missed on two or three occasions during the alterations, and on Tuesday he missed several bottles of port wine. On hearing a noise in the private water-closet he proceeded there, and found the prisoner concealed there, and three bottles of wine concealed near him. He asked him what business he had there, when he said he had only come there for a necessary purpose. Knowing that such was not the case, and that he had no business there, he went out for a constable, but on his return the prisoner had made his escape. He communicated with the police, and on the following day he saw the prisoner in custody. Witness further added that on searching the closet after the prisoner had escaped he found concealed between the skirting board 13 more bottles of port wine, all of which had been stolen from their stock.

William Beechey, 265 M, an active detective officer, said he received information of the robbery with a description of the prisoner, and on Wednesday he took him into custody. He denied all knowledge of the robbery.

The prisoner, in defence, said he knew nothing of the wine found in the closet. The latter was open for anyone to use.

That was denied by the prosecutor, and the prisoner was committed for trial.

STEALING A GOLD WATCH FROM A CLERGYMAN ON THE RAILWAY.

HENRY MCCREE, a young man, of 21, Mount-street, Whitechapel, was brought before Mr. Benson, charged with stealing a lady's small gold watch from the person of the Rev. John Joseph Halcomb, of the Charter House.

Uriah Harvey, a police sergeant, No. 276 A.R., stated that in consequence of information he went to the shop of Mr. Spiegelhalter, a clock and watchmaker, in Mount-place, Whitechapel-road, at Saturday, at one o'clock in the day, and remained there till a quarter past five, when the prisoner called and asked for a lady's gold watch which he said was left there by his wife for repairs. The watch was delivered into the prisoner's hand by Mr. Spiegelhalter, and the prisoner was about to leave the shop when he ordered him to stop, took the watch out of his hand, and told him it was stolen. He asked the prisoner how he accounted for it. The prisoner said he was in the Red Lion public-house in the Whitechapel-road, on the night of Saturday, the 9th instant, and saw a man there, dressed like a sailor, offering the watch for sale, and asking £3 for it. That he asked the sailor to allow him to take the watch over the way, and ask Mr. Spiegelhalter, the watch and clock maker, the value of it; that he told Mr. Spiegelhalter he was going to give him £3 for it; and that the watchmaker said it was well worth it. The prisoner also said that he gave the sailor-looking man £2 7s. 6d. for the watch, and treated him with two pots of ale, and he afterwards sent his wife to Mr. Spiegelhalter to ask him to repair the bow of the watch. The owner of the watch on being brought to the station-house to see the prisoner, picked him out of a dozen others as a man who was alongside of him on the Underground Railway when he missed his watch.

The Rev. John Joseph Halcomb, of the Charter House, said he was on his way to the University boat-race, on the morning of Satur-

day, the 4th inst., in a third class carriage of the Underground Railway. There was a good deal of confusion and crowding in getting into the carriage, which was very full. All the passengers stood up. On the way to Hammer-smith he felt for his watch and missed it. The gold chain to which it had been attached was hanging to his waistcoat, and that was broken. He had been in the carriage 15 or 20 minutes when the watch was missing. He could not fix the robbery on any one. On the arrival of the train at Hammer-smith he requested the guard to look the door, and to look at any men he thought to be suspicious before he let them out. He was inclined to stop one man who was close to him, and the prisoner was certainly like that man. He saw the prisoner among 20 others he should say he was uncommonly like the man he saw in the carriage. He then identified the watch, which was worth £20. It had been in his possession 20 years. The name of "Emily Mary Barber" was engraved inside the watch.

Mr. George Spiegelhalter, of No. 6, Mount-place, Whitechapel-road, said the prisoner brought a watch into his shop on the night of Saturday, the 4th of the present month, and said he was about to give £3 10s. for it. On Wednesday evening last the prisoner's wife brought the same watch to him, and said the bow wanted repairs, and he said the expense would be 5s. 6d. The prisoner afterwards called for the watch, and he was taken into custody by the police on information given by him.

Mr. Benson: Your conduct was very proper.

Mr. Charles Young, solicitor, who defended the prisoner, said there was no pretence for charging him with stealing or receiving the watch knowing it to be stolen, and that he purchased it at a public-house as stated. There was very little doubt the Rev. Mr. Halcomb was robbed of his watch while getting into the carriage from the Farringdon-road Station. The crush there was very great. The prisoner was a man of high respectability and good character, and was engaged during the whole of Saturday, the 4th instant, at the warehouse of his employer, in the city, and bought the watch the same night, as he had stated, and intended to present it to his wife.

Mr. Stephen Crane, of No. 7, Love-lane, East-cheap, wholesale grocer, said the prisoner had been in his service as clerk eleven months, but he had known him three years, and he was attending to his duties in the office on the 4th inst. He saw the prisoner there at half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and knew he was there half-an-hour before, and remained in the office until the usual hour in the evening.

Mr. Benson said the prisoner could not be the person who stole the watch, and he would acquit him of the charge of receiving it knowing it to be stolen. The account given by the prisoner and his wife did not tally in all the particulars with the statement of the watchmaker. There was no one from the public-house where the prisoner said he bought the watch. The prisoner thought he could buy a cheap gold watch for his wife, and was not very particular where he obtained it. He fined the prisoner 20s. for the unlawful possession of the watch.

The fine was paid, and the watch was restored to the owner.

THE RAT-CATCHER IN THE SEWERS.

It must be that there is a dash of sport in the occupation of rat-catching, otherwise no one would select the sewers of the City as a place to pursue his daily avocations. Yet the man who was recently charged with being unlawfully in the sewers appeared before the City Court of Sewers, asking permission to be allowed to follow his calling in those subterranean windings. Rat-catching was his "only means of obtaining a livelihood," and probably he considers he would not be interfered with by any rival. What a dreary day's work it must be in those dismal canals, far away from the light of day, with no sound to be heard save the murmur of the dirty liquid, or the plunging of a rat into the stream of filth! The poor fellow gets three shillings a dozen for rats, and sells them to persons who get up dog matches. The engineer, Mr. Haywood, would not allow the preserves to be trespassed upon, and managed to urge several reasons why the application should not be entertained, and the court unanimously decided not to allow the rat-catcher to "follow his calling" in their sewers. There can be no doubt that those rats must be very destructive, scratching holes in the brickwork, and causing leakage. Some years ago the rats in the Paris sewers were hunted, when they were found to be very numerous and immensely large. As the court will not allow a stranger, perhaps they will give some of their friends an occasional day's sport at rat-killing in their sewer colonies. —Parochial Critic.

CHAMPAGNE FROM PETROLEUM.

It is no longer a secret of the chemist's laboratory that clear golden syrup can be made from starch and sulphuric acid; that delicious wines and brandies can be made from beetroot; that a barrel of peanuts can be transformed into excellent coffee; that lead can absorb an enormous quantity of water in certain conditions; that, in fact, there seems no limit to the adulterations that an intelligent and dishonest chemist can practice upon his fellow men. All these marvels of chemical science have in these latter days become degraded into mere tricks of trade, and their chief beauty is in their capacity to enable unscrupulous dealers to lighten the pockets and destroy the stomachs of the confiding and unsuspecting public. Concerning the article of champagne, a writer in the *Cincinnati Journal of Commerce* tells us that it is made from a thousand different substances—even from refined petroleum. Yes, from the fiery benzole a sparkling, bubbling, foaming, champagne can be produced which will delight the eye, tickle the palate, gladden the heart momentarily—but quicken our paces towards the graveyard. This is a new use for petroleum, which those who have been experimenting with it as an agency for generating steam have little dreamed of. Wh-

can say that the Pennsylvania oil territory, now considered mostly worthless, may not some day be regenerated into the great champagne-producing country of the world? —*British Medical Journal*.

A FRENCH SUICIDE.—A suicide under rather remarkable circumstances has just taken place at Anduze, France. A young married woman named Germaine, aged 18, who worked in the cotton mills of M. Bernard, had been on terms of intimacy with the son of her employer. A few evenings back they were met, when walking together, by the husband of the woman, who, after upbraiding her with her infidelity, forbade her to return to his house. The wife and the young man then resolved to commit suicide, and a pair of pistols having been procured, Bernard blew out his brains, and the woman attempted to do the same, but the arm having been badly directed, the ball lodged in her cheek bone, only inflicting a dangerous wound. Some persons passing near an olive plantation at about 100 yards from the factory heard groans, and on searching found the woman lying by the side of her paramour's body. She is still in a critical state.

LOCK-OUT OF JOINERS ON THE CLYDE.—The lock-out of the joiners on the Clyde, threatened by the masters, has taken place. The lock-out has taken place consequent on a claim by the ship-joiners for increased wages.

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AN extract from the second edition (page 189) of the translation of the Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.:—"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the 'Pharmacopœia') that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that hemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of

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which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom—a muscular purge, and a mucous purge, and a hydragogue purge, combined, and their effects properly controlled by a dirigent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids, like most aloetic pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no dissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

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